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MARVEL MAGAZINES

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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"We've come full circle . . ."

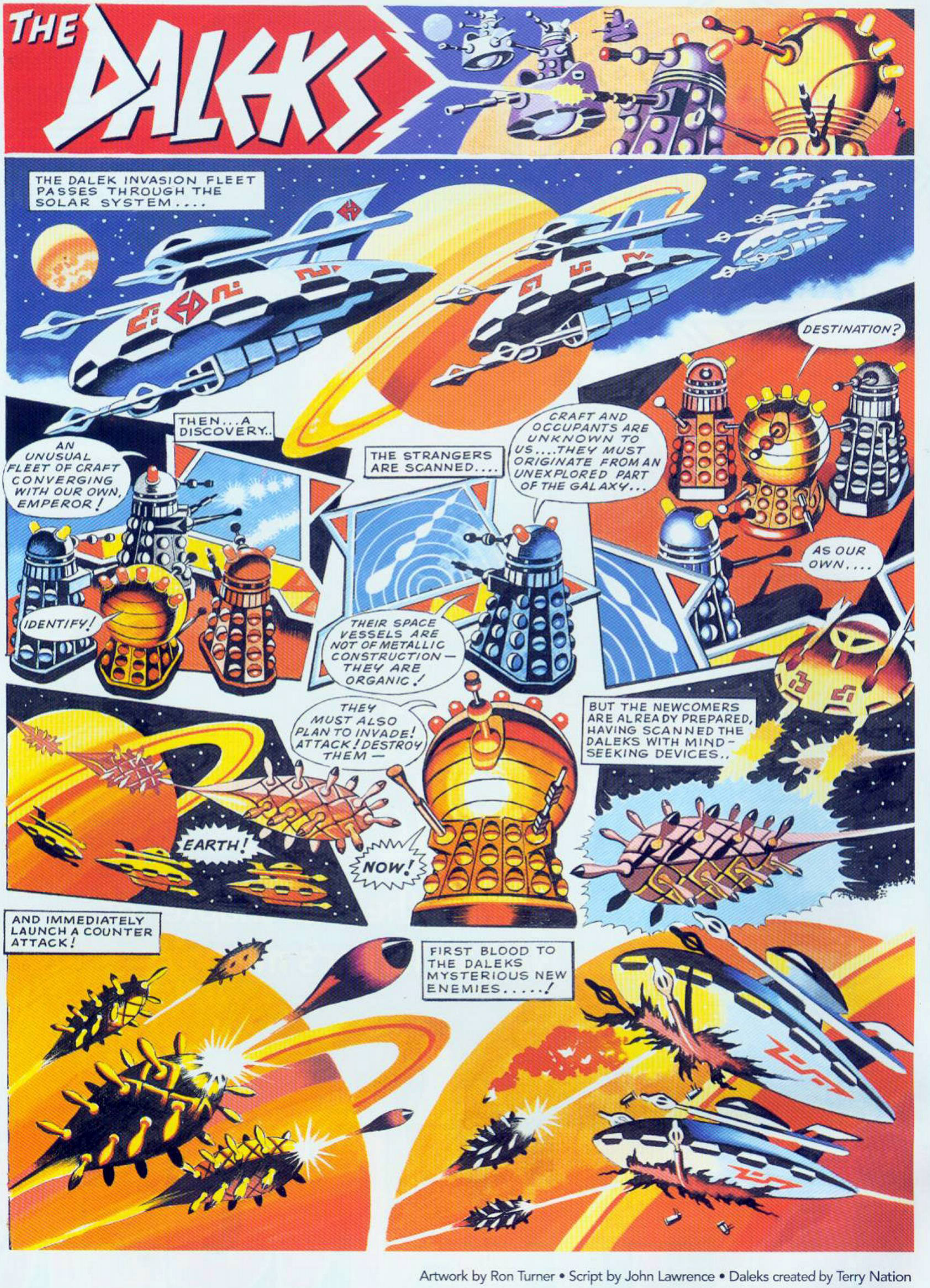
Tom returns for the final chapter of John Nathan-Turner's memoirs

Plus!

CLIFFHANGER!

Thrill to *Doctor Who's* top shock moments . . .

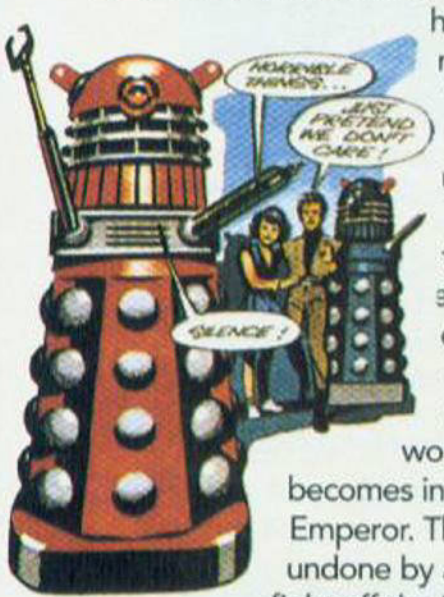
8P1


THE DALEKS
THE DALEK INVASION FLEET PASSES THROUGH THE SOLAR SYSTEM....
DESTINATION?
THEN... A DISCOVERY..
AN UNUSUAL FLEET OF CRAFT CONVERGING WITH OUR OWN, EMPEROR!
THE STRANGERS ARE SCANNED....
CRAFT AND OCCUPANTS ARE UNKNOWN TO US....THEY MUST ORIGINATE FROM AN UNEXPLORED PART OF THE GALAXY...
AS OUR OWN,...
IDENTIFY!
THEIR SPACE VESSELS ARE NOT OF METALLIC CONSTRUCTION — THEY ARE ORGANIC!
THEY MUST ALSO PLAN TO INVADE! ATTACK! DESTROY THEM —
EARTH!
NOW!
BUT THE NEWCOMERS ARE ALREADY PREPARED, HAVING SCANNED THE DALEKS WITH MIND-SEEKING DEVICES..
AND IMMEDIATELY LAUNCH A COUNTER ATTACK!
FIRST BLOOD TO THE DALEKS MYSTERIOUS NEW ENEMIES.....!

Artwork by Ron Turner • Script by John Lawrence • Daleks created by Terry Nation

"Deep in Hyperspace is planet Skaro . . ."

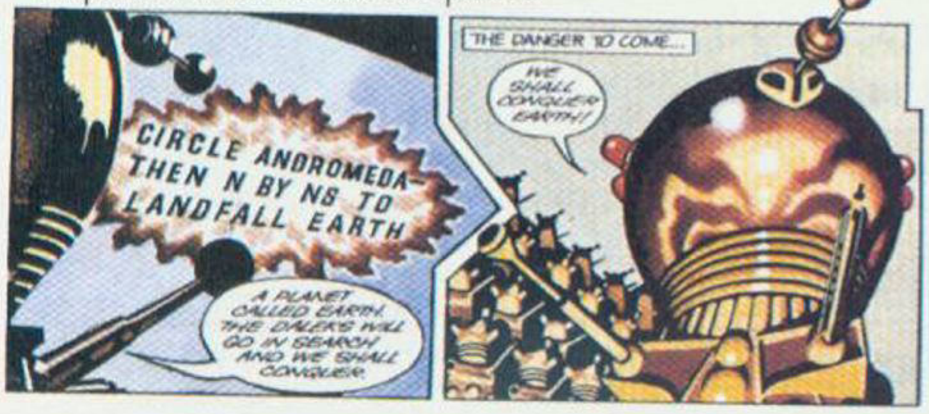
With these words, almost exactly 32 years ago, began probably the most fondly-remembered *Doctor Who*-derived comic strip of all – *TV Century 21*'s *The Daleks*. This 104-episode epic was initially conceived by City Magazines editor Alan Fennell who, preparing a comic based largely on the Gerry Anderson 'Supermarionation' *oeuvre* during 1964, hit upon the notion of running a strip detailing the then unexplored origins of *Doctor Who*'s e'er-villainous Daleks. The proposed strip was discussed with Dalek creator Terry Nation, who gave Fennell his blessing to develop further certain ideas contained in that year's Frederick Muller publication *The Dalek Book*, wherein Skaro's horrid hybrids were seen whizzing about Venusian skies in "hoverbouts" and led by an Emperor with a huge, globe-like headpiece. The strip was almost entirely penned by *Doctor Who* script editor David Whitaker, and initially painted by artist Richard Jennings.


HORRIBLE THINGS...
JUST PRETEND WE DON'T CARE!
SILENCE!

Sometimes termed 'The Dalek Chronicles', the strips – which have been reprinted no fewer than three times by Marvel – commence with the ultimate resolution of the neutron war between Skaro's then-humanoid Daleks and Thals: in this history, the Daleks are a "war machine" created by scientist Yarvelling, and they flourish while their organic masters hibernate in underground shelters to protect themselves from the dire effects of the accidental detonation of their entire neutron bomb store. Over the course of their first year, the Daleks discover the secret of space travel; are nearly divided when Zeg, a Dalek worker in their inventions factory, becomes invincible and challenges their Emperor. They go on to conquer space; are undone by a deadly cloud of radioactive dust; fight off the Monstrons and their fearsome drones, the Engibrains; see their great City destroyed; and fight off the menace of their nemeses, the Mechanoids [sic].

With the fiftieth instalment, a new artist took over: Ron Turner, whose clean line-work and smooth finishes would be much-admired. Turner would draw all bar seven of the remaining episodes; his aegis would span the series' grandest adventures. The epic 'rogue planet' storyline; the saga of planet Zeros' robotic OO7, Agent Robot 2K; the submarine menace posed by the hideous Terrorkon; the Daleks' encounter with the last survivors of their antecedents, discovered deep-frozen the Skaro's Polar Mountains; and, in a rather existential storyline, they learn how to resist the ghastly threat posed by independent thought.

In the series' final six-part tale, *The Road to Conflict*, the Earth space-liner *Starmaker* crash-lands on Skaro, and survivors Captain Fleet, Jennie and Tom manage to escape the creature's clutches by hi-jacking a Dalek Transporter. But, examining the wreckage of *Starmaker*, the Daleks discover a fragment of burnt paper revealing intergalactic co-ordinates for a densely-populated planet in "the next universe but one": Earth. The Emperor resolves to take the planet.


CIRCLE ANDROMEDA-THEN N BY NS TO LANDFALL EARTH
A PLANET CALLED EARTH. THE DALEKS WILL GO IN SEARCH AND WE SHALL CONQUER.
THE DANGER TO COME...
WE SHALL CONQUER EARTH!

And there *The Daleks* ended.

Or did it?

The Daleks recommences in this issue of **DWM**. In *Return of the Elders*, a six-part story beautifully painted by *TV Century 21* artist Ron Turner and written by John Lawrence, we pick up the story 30 years after its first, temporary, conclusion.

So, what *did* happen next?

Special Features

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Behind you! Following on from our round-up of *Doctor Who*'s 20 finest moments, **DWM** surveys the art of the cliffhanger – and picks the series' Top Ten episode endings . . .

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS
Chapter Thirteen: I am what I am. 14
JNT takes us on a final trip down memory lane, turning left out of Turpin Road before sitting down in Albert Square (on the Arthur Fowler Memorial Bench) to read us this concluding chapter of his memoirs.

Interviews

WENDY PADBURY – OUT OF THE TARDIS 44
Button-nosed 21st century parapsychologist, astrophysicist, astrometricist and mathematician Zoe Heriot knew the answer to pretty much everything under the sun – but can her real-life alter-ego cope with trial by TARDIS tin?

RETURN TO ZENDA 46
Continuing our series of interviews with seventies *Doctor Who* producer Graham Williams. It's 1978; on screen, our Time Lord chum has discovered an alien Ruritania – but readers of a certain swashbuckling melodrama might have cause to do a double-take . . .

Comic Strip

THE KEEP PART TWO 36
In a castle at the end of the world, a daring endeavour is nearing its completion – but has the activation of planet Earth's last great hope cost the Doctor his life?

Regular Features

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN 4
Our regular update on all that's new in *Doctor Who*.

SHELF LIFE 20
With Malus aforethought, Dave Owen scans Peter Davison stories *The Awakening* and *Frontios*, the latest releases to burst from the BBC Video vaults – and, via Virgin Publishing, takes *The Dark Path* to *Lungbarrow* . . .

ARCHIVE 23
Beneath the lurid shores of planet Thoros Beta, a grisly operation is about to be performed – one that will have terrible consequences for the Doctor and, particularly, his young companion. Fearsome prosecutor the Valeyard presents further damning evidence in *The Trial of a Time Lord* . . .

TIMELINES 33
Oh Mister Postman, look and see. Whoa yeah, is there a letter, a letter for me? Lots, actually. And here's just a few you've sent us.

FLUID LINKS 35
Once upon a time, Jon Pertwee's Doctor was cherubic little Matthew Jones' greatest hero. And then they met.

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor **Alan Barnes**
Designer **Paul Vyse**

Thanks this issue to: Nuala Buffini, John Freeman, Marcus Hearn, David J Howe, Steve Merritt, Anthony McKay, Wendy Padbury, Gary Russell, Adrian Rigelsford, Stephen James Walker, BBC Books, BBC Video and Virgin Publishing.

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Entries must arrive by second post on 9th April 1997.

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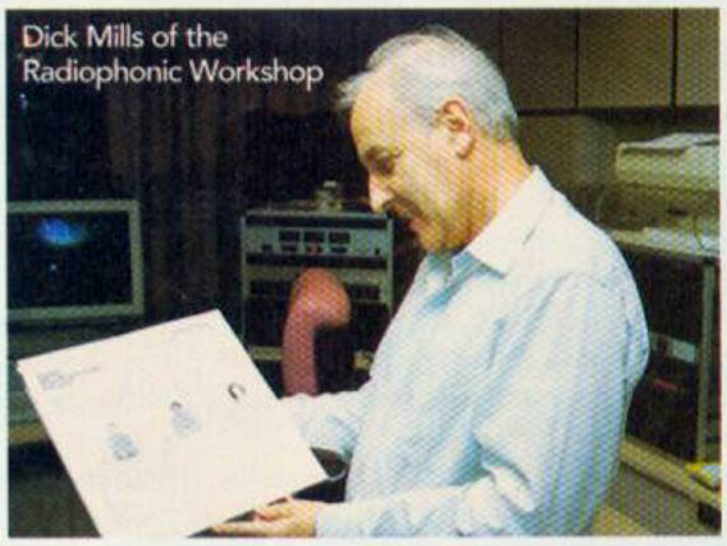
Radiophonic Workshop closes after further BBC cuts

The BBC Radiophonic Workshop, responsible not only for the initial realisation of the *Doctor Who* theme tune, but also much of the series' incidental music, plus sound effects such as the distinctive TARDIS materialisation noise, has been effectively closed after 39 years of service.

The Maida Vale-based Workshop – first set up in 1958 to oversee the creation of special soundtracks and effects for BBC Radio – has become the latest victim in a wave of cuts at BBC Resources, the recently-created internal department which oversees the provision and management of skilled programme-making staff, materials and facilities. In **DWM** 248 we reported on the closure of the BBC's in-house Costume, Make-up and Set Design departments.

The Radiophonic Workshop survives, in name only, to oversee the restoration of audio material for both BBC Radio and the BBC Audio Collection. This 'Workshop' now employs one member of staff and no composers.

On 14th January, in a letter to the BBC internal newspaper *Ariel*, composer Richard Attree expressed sadness at the loss of his "innovative" department. The Workshop, which had for some years been under pressure to become a profit-making enterprise, was eventually told that it "could no longer be subsidised by the licence payer."



Dick Mills of the Radiophonic Workshop

Dick Mills in the Radiophonic Workshop's early days

Attree continued: "The engineers of the workshop used to design and make custom equipment, the studios were regularly featured as 'state-of-the-art' in magazines, and there was a long tradition of musical innovation.

"For nearly 40 years the BBC has been the only broadcasting company in the world to employ full-time composers . . . the workshop's reputation is legendary."

The shut-down will result in the loss of four full-time composers, but its significance to fans of *Doctor Who* is all the greater. The sounds produced by the department over the course of its 26-year involvement with *Doctor Who* are some of the most remarkable and reknowned in British television history. The work of such groundbreaking composers as Brian Hodgson, Peter Howell and Roger Limb – not to mention the special sounds skills of Dick Mills – have contributed enormously to the series' popularity.

Merchandise update

We can confirm that the William Hartnell adventure *The War Machines* will be released by BBC Video in June, and will feature material restored to the BBC-held print for the first time since its first transmission in 1966.

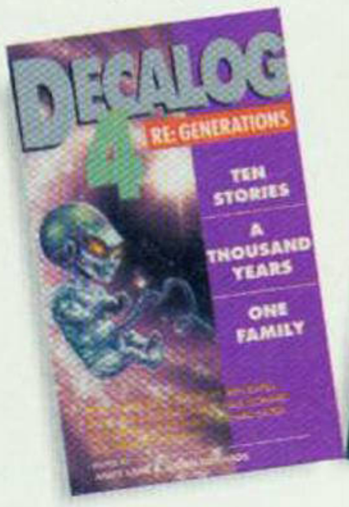
Sequences deleted from the story for overseas transmission, and subsequent broadcasts on satellite/cable networks like UK Gold, have been retrieved both from the vaults of the Australian Board of Film Censors and private collections. **DWM** will carry a detailed report on the restoration as part of an update on material recently returned to the BBC Archive in a few issues' time.

No further videos have been confirmed for later in the year. However, an 'E-Space Boxed Set' – comprising the linked cycle of Season Eighteen adventures *Full Circle*, *State of Decay* and *Warriors' Gate* – has been tentatively scheduled for an October release. The six-part Jon Pertwee serial *Colony in Space* is earmarked for early 1998.

The War Machines video will form part of BBC Worldwide's multi-media relaunch of *Doctor Who* material in June, alongside the first of their new fiction titles and Paul McGann's narrated audiobook version of the novelisation of last year's TV Movie.

That same month, Virgin Publishing will be launching the first in their ongoing range of novels detailing ex-companion Bernice Summerfield's *New Adventures*: *Oh No It Isn't*, by Paul Cornell. Front cover artwork, shown here, is by Jon Sullivan. Readers can get their first taste of this 'Doctor-less' universe in the previous month's *Decalog 4*, subtitled *Re: Generations*, which tells ten stories featuring different ancestors of now-deceased *NA* assistant Roz Forrester. The cover painting (below left) is by Colin Howard.

The October Bernice book has been confirmed as *Deadfall* by Gary Russell, and will feature the return of companion Chris Cwej.



THE NEW ADVENTURES
NA
OH NO IT ISN'T!
PAUL CORNELL

Bits and pieces

The US Fox network repeat of the *Doctor Who* TV Movie scheduled for 31st December was cancelled in favour of *Revenge of the Nerds IV: Nerds in Love* . . . During January, sections of the tabloid press reported that auditions were taking place in London for a proposed soft-porn version of *Doctor Who* allegedly destined for one of the European adults-only channels. Titled (ho-hum) *Doctor Blue*, the picture will supposedly comprise the adventures of the crew of the time-travelling "TART-IS" and their encounters with "sex-sirens" throughout history. Sorry – we just report this stuff! . . . The 14th January edition of BBC1 comedy *Harry Enfield and Chums* included a *Doctor Who* sketch in which a frizzy-haired Scouse Doctor emerged from the TARDIS searching for Daleks to 'chin'. Sadly, it wasn't to be a second Paul McGann adventure . . .

Festive fun at Riverside!

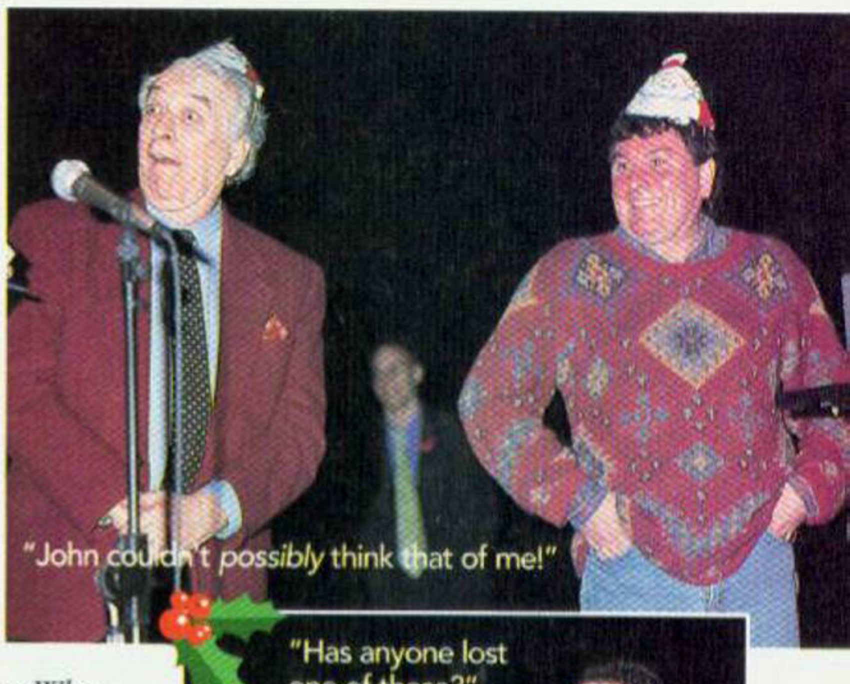
"We won by *this* much!"

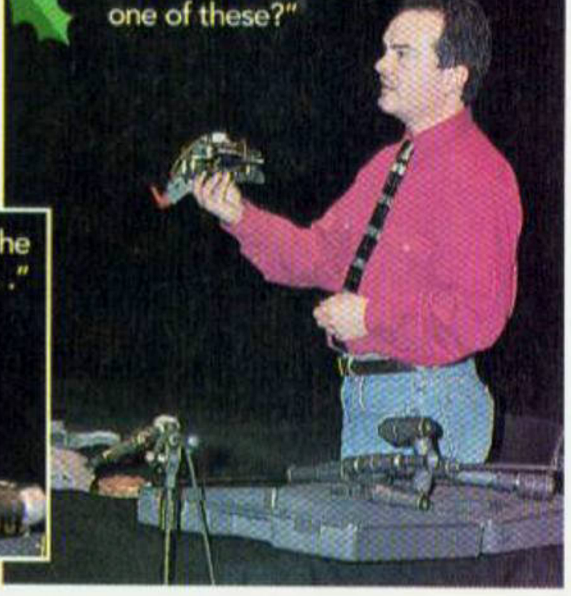
On Sunday 8th December, sixties *Doctor Who* recording venue Riverside Studios in Hammersmith was *the* place to be, as *DWM* hosted its first Christmas Party.

More than 200 readers enjoyed a fun-packed day with a stunning selection of celebrity guests from the show: Nicholas Courtney, John Nathan-Turner, Sophie Aldred, Sarah Sutton and Mike Tucker all entered in to the spirit of the day by competing in a variety of stage events. **DWM** editor Gary Gillatt opened the proceedings with a witty (it says here) look over the past year's *Doctor Who* events, and the day continued with such delights as *Mr & Mrs*, with designer Paul Vyse pitting Sophie and Mike against John and Nick in an effort to see who knew most about whom. Dave Owen hosted a live *Shelf Life*, in which a clutch of Virgin authors took turns to complete impromptu limericks, and John Nathan-Turner chatted about his time on *Doctor Who* – and what he'd do if put in charge of *Coronation Street* . . .

In addition, a charity auction raised £1,325 for Mencap.

So, where were you?


"John couldn't *possibly* think that of me!"


"Has anyone lost one of these?"

"Mike thinks I want *what* for Christmas?!"

"And then you put the cat in here . . ."

Above and right: *Mr & Mrs* Mike and Sophie celebrate their victory over John and Nick.
Top right: *Mr & Mrs* Nick and John in festive mood, being subjected to a severe personal grilling.
Right: Mike Tucker presents an entertaining overview of the BBC Visual Effects department's work, aided by Sophie and a willing volunteer from the audience.
Photos © Robin Prichard

Outside the Spaceship

Doctors Jon Pertwee left a net value of £418,000 in his will. His appearance in a 1995 edition of *Celebrity Squares* was repeated in some ITV regions on New Year's Day.

Tom Baker was the Sea Captain in *Frankenstein: the True Story*, part of BBC1's *Nightmare* season in December.

Peter Davison features as Tristan in Series Two of *All Creatures Great and Small*, which is to be released on video from April. He was one of several thespians originally in contention for the Best Actor award presented as part of the BBC's TV60 celebrations before senior management figures insisted on their replacement.

Post-production on the forthcoming £1.9 million Paul McGann thriller *Downtime* should be completed in the Spring.

Peter Cushing's guest appearance on the 1970 *Morecambe and Wise Christmas Show*, in which the actor attempts to be paid, was repeated on Christmas Day.

Valeyard Michael Jayston played James in the much-viewed *Only Fool and Horses* special *Modern Men* on 27th December.

Companions William Russell's recent tour of *Hamlet* proved to be the Oxford Stage Company's most successful ever, playing to nearly 35,000 people during its 19-week run.

Caroline John was the Coroner in *Inside Out*, the second series conclusion to BBC1's *Dangerfield*.

Louise Jameson's performance as Blanche in *Tenko* can be re-viewed courtesy BBC Video's release of the first series.

Sophie Aldred completed recording the BBC children's series *Words and Pictures* at the end of January. She is engaged to sports presenter Vince Henderson.

Rebecca Thornhill, Crystal from stage play *The Ultimate Adventure*, played Cinderella at the Palace Theatre, Westcliff over Christmas.

Villains Eric Roberts recently appeared on an edition of *Drew Carey* on the US ABC network. He received favourable notices for his performance as killer Perry Smith in the four-hour mini-series *In Cold Blood* which was broadcast in the US during November.

Kate O'Mara was Carabosse in pantomime *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Gordon Craig Theatre, Stevenage, which ended its run on 25th January.

Producers Verity Lambert was a patron of the TV97 Festival held at the National Film Theatre between 6th and 9th February, and features in a two-part BBC2 documentary *Women In Television*. She is the executive producer of a new BBC1 comedy series, *A Perfect State*.

Jo Wright, executive producer of the 1996 TV Movie, fulfils the same role on *The Lab*, a two-part serial about the power of the modern scientist.

Writers John Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch have two film scripts in development: *Diabolical Liberties*, concerning the Manchester fly-posting wars, and *The Mother-In-Law Joke*, concerning a politically correct comedian who becomes a parody of the stereotype he mimics.

Stephen Gallagher's thriller screenplay *The Boat House* is in movie development; he's also providing scripts for the third (and likely, final) series of *Bugs*.

Johnny Byrne is writing *Noah's Ark*, a £3.5 million six-hour ITV drama series about a country veterinary practice. Starring Anton Rodgers and Angela Thorne, it enters production in March.

Matthew Jacobs has been developing a script for an epic science fiction feature film titled *Mirror* for director Francis Ford Coppola. He has also been rewriting the screenplay of *The Gathering* for Hollywood Pictures.

Directors Waris Hussein recently directed *Trying To Grow*, an adaptation of Firdaus Kanga's Bombay-based novel about a boy with brittle bones. Initially for cinema release, it will receive a Screen Two airing in 1999.

Matthew Robinson, who continues to act as executive producer of *Byker Grove*, has been producing and directing *Quayside*, a new soap which is competing with *EastEnders* on Tuesdays in the ITV Tyne Tees region.

Graeme Harper directed the fifth and final series of the Jasper Carrott/Robert Powell comedy *The Detectives*. Guests included Tony Selby (Glitz) and George Sewell (Ratcliffe). Harper has formed Hexagon Films & TV with producer Evgeny Gridneff; they are developing new projects including four-hour comedy-drama *Born Again* and a 90-minute pilot, *Dream Detective*.

Dominic May

To be continued . . .

Much of broadcast *Doctor Who*'s edge-of-the-seat appeal derived from its cliffhangers; unresolved end-of-episode action which kept us coming back for more. Alan Barnes and Peter Ware uncover the fine art of cliffhanging . . .

It's all one woman's fault. Born in Green Ridge, Missouri, at the latter end of the 19th century, Pearl Fay White was a stuntwoman-turned-actress who held whole nations in her thrall at the very dawn of the cinema age. It's 1914, and an evening's kinematographic entertainment cannot possibly be termed complete without a peek at the latest circa-ten-minute instalment of Ms White's multi-part *magnum opus*, *The Perils of Pauline*. Our Pearl plays the spunky daughter of a much-garlanded egghead scientist; she's on the trail of a Top Secret gas formula lost in the far reaches of Indo-China. Thrill! – as nefarious Orientals lash our Pauline to a railway line in the path of an oncoming train! Gasp! – as our gal, bound and gagged in the trunk of a runaway truck by agents of the Yellow Peril, careers off the track towards certain doom! Shriek! – as our heroine, clinging by trembling fingertips, teeters on the brink of a yawning chasm . . . (You get the idea.)

This was, of course, nothing new; nothing ever is. The printed novel, from Samuel Fielding's *Tom Jones* on, was historically naught but a compilation of serialised chapters; Charles Dickens was paid per episode, not by advance – ditto Conan Doyle, Georges du Maurier, le Fanu and countless more besides. And, just as magazine serials vitalised literacy in the Victorian age, the visceral sensations of Pearl and company's ever-dangling exploits did the same for the cinema screen. It might not be too great an overexaggeration to claim that the whole of the narrative film industry owes its proliferation to the cliffhanger serial; certainly, any series which ensured the return, week after week, of a paying audience to the picture houses which were then in their infancy has a fair stake to such a crown. The lovely Pearl came and went – after *The Exploits of Elaine* (1915), she made several features before emigrating to France in the early twenties where, in semi-retirement, she turned out Gallic versions of the stuff which made her name – but the serial format was still very much alive throughout the thirties and forties. Republic's *King of the Rocket Men*, the *Captain Marvel* series (shazam!) and the Buster Crabbe-headed Flash Gordon serials packed 'em in until the silver screen's dominance began to fade in the face of the increasing popularity of television. And that's where we come in . . .

Four to Doomsday and The Visitation: "Oh, no, not again!"

The cliffhanging televisual antecedents to *Doctor Who* – *Pathfinders to Mars et al* – were more than adequately detailed in the first part of Stephen Cartwright's *Roots* series (DWM 245); we don't propose to go over the same ground here, beyond noting a couple more examples of *Doctor Who*'s *Perils of Pauline*-type intermissions – *The Ambassadors of Death* Episode 3 (Liz takes a tumble off a weir) or *The Deadly Assassin* Part Two (the Doctor, his foot caught in the points of a railway line, struggles as a train bears down upon him). Before we proceed, however, we must define precisely what comprises a cliffhanger - and it's not as straightforward as it might seem.

From the outset, *Doctor Who* – "an adventure [singular, note] in space and time", according to *Radio Times* – was conceived as a voyage throughout the Fourth and Fifth dimensions, lacking closure; individual adventures were but one part of a continuing odyssey. For that reason, we must define the *Doctor Who* cliffhanger as not merely the ends of mid-serial episodes, but end-of-episode action which is reprised at the outset of the next (or follows on directly from the previous, without any substantial passing of fictional time). Thus the conclusion of *Inside the Spaceship*: *The Brink of Disaster* – in which Susan discovers a giant footprint outside the newly-landed TARDIS – does indeed comprise a cliffhanger, for Ian exposits this phenomenon at the outset of the following episode, *Marco Polo*: *The Roof of the World*. However, the conclusion to *The Celestial Toymaker*: *The Final Test* is *not* a cliffhanger, since the Doctor's collapse to the TARDIS floor is not reprised at the outset of *The Gunfighters*: *A Holiday for the Doctor*. It is, therefore, merely a link between stories – part of a continuum, not a continuation. *Frontios* Part Four, however, does comprise a cliffhanger; the *Frontios* scene in which the TARDIS becomes trapped in the Daleks' Time Corridor forges directly on in the first episode of *Resurrection of the Daleks*. Clear?

Doctor Who has never been above false snares, cheap hooks to lure the viewer.

The series' very first cliffhanger shows the TARDIS standing in a strange wasteland; a humanoid shadow falls over the scene. It invites speculation on several levels, poses questions unanswered. Where are we? When are we? Is the shadowed figure malevolent or benign? On top of these, a number of extra narrative questions, set up in the previous few scenes, are left dangling. Will Barbara and Ian ever return to Coal Hill School? What will the Doctor do with them? Will the Doctor and Susan ever "go back" to the strange homeworld whence they came?

The term 'hermeneutic code', developed by the critic Roland Barthes, describes that part of a story's narrative concerned with the establishment and resolution of enigmas. Any one fiction will draw attention to a number of implicit questions around a central theme. Once a central enigma is formed, the story (or 'text') plays a game

Above left: The Doctor (Peter Davison) and Peri (Nicola Bryant) are sentenced to death by firing squad at the end of Part One of *The Caves of Androzani*; Ibrahim Namin (Peter Mayock) faces the wrath of Sutekh at the climax to Part One of *Pyramids of Mars*.
Photos © BBC Video

Literal!

Now and again, it's perhaps been too obvious a temptation for writers to interpret the term 'cliffhanger' rather too faithfully. The series' first example – in *The Daleks*: *The Ordeal* – has companion Ian struggling to maintain his grip on a rocky ledge, and thus prevent both himself and Thal chum Antodus from plunging down the sheer face of a seemingly-endless crevasse. Similarly, *The Rescue*: *The Powerful Enemy* ends with Ian teetering on the ledge of a dark pit containing the fearsome Sand Beast; lethal spikes force him ever closer to the rim. The other *Rescue* cliffhanger (*Desperate Measures*) sees the newly-materialised TARDIS tumbling off a Latin escarpment. Fifteen years later, the precipice-suspender had lost none of its appeal: to wit, *The Stones of Blood* Part One, in which Romana (you'll never guess) . . . tumbles over the lip of a shoreline crag. And in *Dragonfire* Part One, the Seventh Doctor, for no readily apparent reason, chooses to hang himself off the face of an ice glacier, maintained only by the handle of his brolly. Perhaps he just couldn't resist . . .

"I'm not who you think I am . . ."

A hardy perennial which rarely fails to please - and responsible for a great many of *Doctor Who*'s all-time great Shock Moments. In *Terror of the Autons* Episode Two, a pair of not-so-laughing policemen, their masks uncovered, turn out to be blank-faced simulacra; in *City of Death* Part One, that nice Julian Glover rips off his head to reveal – a mass of spaghetti eyeballing himself. Yeucch. Similar moments can be found in *The Leisure Hive* (Part Three), *Four to Doomsday* (Part Two) – and Anthony Ainley's Master made a habit of such sudden unveilings, in *Time-Flight* (Part Two), *The King's Demons* (Part One) and *Planet of Fire* (Part One). Less visceral, but doubly effective, is Stein's revealing his status as a Dalek agent at the climax of a *Resurrection of the Daleks* instalment – a light-year away from perhaps the most stunning latterday example of this category: Mags' transformation into a werewolf in the third episode of *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*.

And cut it . . . NOW!

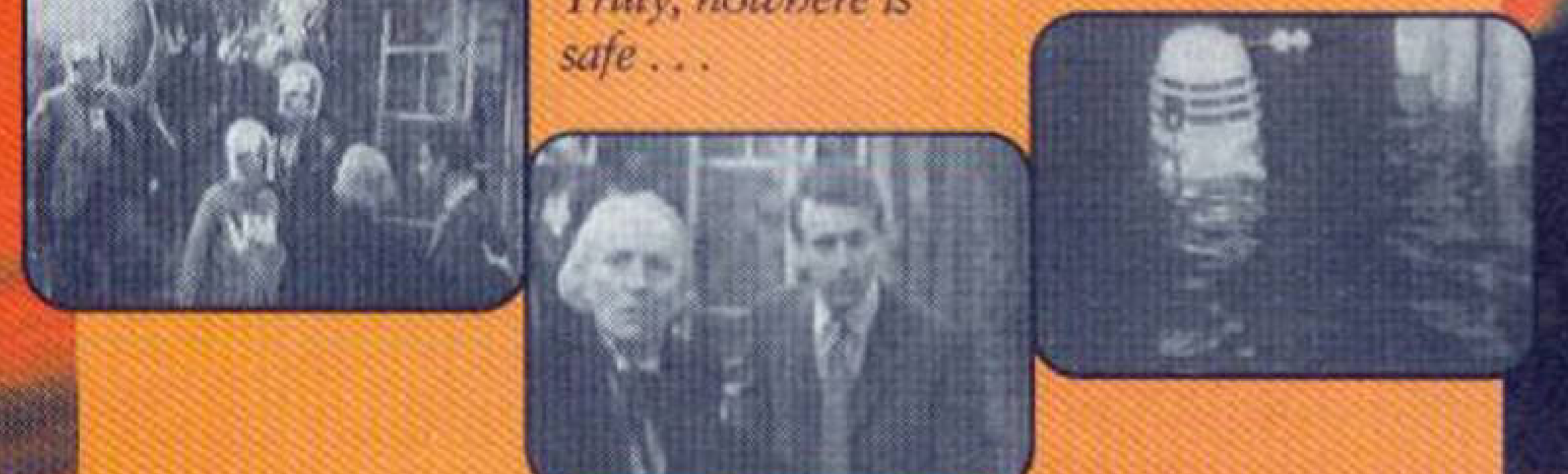
The 10 greatest *Doctor Who* cliffhangers *ever*!

With nearly 700 possibles to choose from, making a definitive list of the ten best was always going to be near-impossible. We've chosen, in chronological order, ten which demonstrate the art of the cliffhanger most effectively, ten which fulfil that most basic requirement: to leave us enrapt, agog, and panting for their resolution in the next instalment. Furthermore, all ten – we think – have that little something extra: they're utterly unique to *Doctor Who*, and ably demonstrate the breadth and scope of its vision, its charm, its appeal – in short, its greatness.

The Dalek Invasion of Earth: World's End (1964)

Stranded in a ravaged future London, the Doctor (William Hartnell) and Ian (William Russell) find themselves stalked by gaunt, zombie-like Robomen. Caught and encircled by the remorseless creatures beside a filthy Thames-side embankment, the pair whisper plans to turn tail, dive in the water and thus escape. "Now!" barks Ian; the time-travellers turn – and stop dead in their tracks. Rising out of the water before them is the terrifying form of an alien Dalek . . .

Plonking musique concrete *heralds the original and best surprise return of a* Doctor Who *adversary. Although faintly ludicrous in both concept and execution, the astonishment displayed by our stopped-dead-in-their-tracks heroes surely echoes the reaction of the viewer; and the incongruity of the Dalek's presence in the heart of the capital makes this doubly arresting. Truly, nowhere is safe . . .*

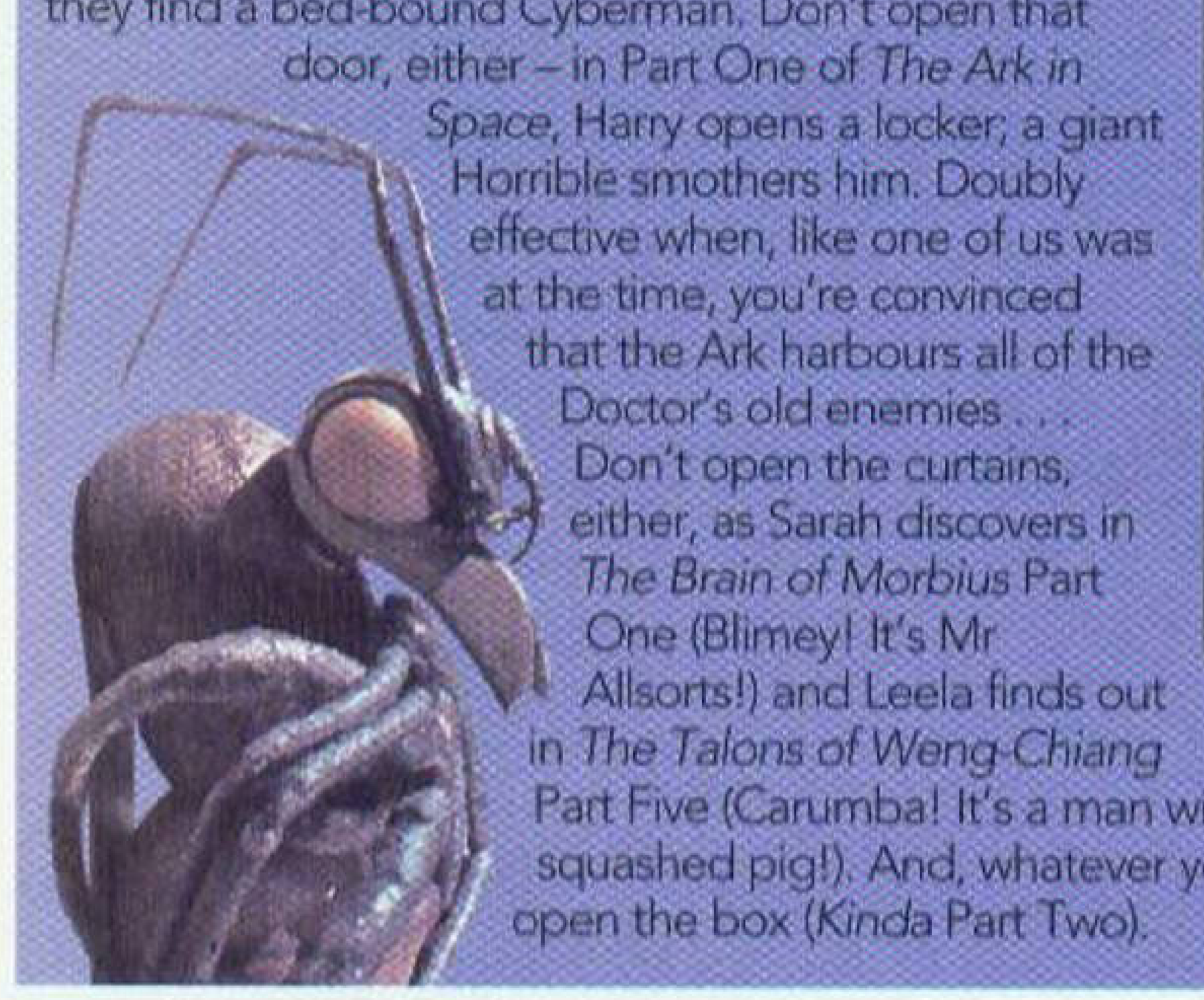


The Tenth Planet Episode 4 (1966)

The Cybermen's planned invasion of Earth is over; their planet Mondas has imploded. At the South Pole, Ben (Michael Craze) releases travelling companions Polly (Anneke Wills) and the Doctor (William Hartnell) from the spacecraft where they've been held. The Doctor, his expression glazed, insists they return to the TARDIS immediately; he presses on ahead. Inside the ship, he falters; the control room pulses with flickering light. He opens the TARDIS doors, admitting his friends, and collapses to the floor. Before their very eyes, his features blur, transform . . .

Utterly unprecedented, the Doctor's first regeneration is accomplished without warning or fuss; like witnesses to a sudden and horrible accident, the bereaved Ben and Polly – with a whole generation of doubtless traumatised children in tandem – simply have to deal *with it. Astonishing, and infinitely more striking than the maudlin introspection which would characterise later changes of lead.*

"Don't look in there, you fool!"



Something nasty's uncovered in a great many fine shock moments – *pace The Moonbase*, Episode 2: searching the lunar habitat for evidence of alien infiltration, the Doctor and company realise there's one place they've not yet checked - the sickbay, the very room they're in. Sure enough, beneath the sheets, they find a bed-bound Cyberman. Don't open that door, either – in Part One of *The Ark in Space*, Harry opens a locker; a giant Horrible smothers him. Doubly effective when, like one of us was at the time, you're convinced that the Ark harbours all of the Doctor's old enemies . . . Don't open the curtains, either, as Sarah discovers in *The Brain of Morbius* Part One (Blimey! It's Mr Allsorts!) and Leela finds out in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* Part Five (Carumba! It's a man with a face like a squashed pig!). And, whatever you do, don't, *don't* open the box (*Kinda* Part Two).

with its reader/viewer – tenders the promise of an answer to these enigmas, sometimes ensnaring its reader, leading her up the garden path; sometimes revealing answers only bit-by-bit, by degrees. By postponing straight answers to these questions, the text forces the reader to stick with it, to keep watching, to remain involved. *Doctor Who*'s key enigmas have usually been quite straightforward: survival, restoration of the status quo. But implicit within the format of the series itself are a number of particular 'pleasures': our first glimpse of the 'monster', for example. Cliffhangers sometimes tease: *The Daleks: The Dead Planet*, for example, famously shows Barbara at the mercy of a strange sucker arm. The viewer is not, surely, intended to tune in next week to see how Barbara escapes, but to be rewarded with a view of the menace itself (just like *100,000 BC: An Unearthly Child*).

Doctor Who has never been above false snares, cheap hooks to lure the viewer. *The Mind of Evil* Episode Five shows the Doctor at the mercy of gun-toting no-good Mailer. The convict levels his pistol; a gunshot rings out. Cue closing titles. Next week, we discover the gunshot to have come from the pistol of the Brigadier, a character not present at Episode Five's finale. Utterly contrived, but it works – as does Part One of *The Caves of Androzani*, wherein the Doctor and Peri appear to be gunned down by a firing squad. In Part Two, we discover them to have been androids. *The Seeds of Death* Episode Five is outrageous, decompressing time, re-editing key events, splicing in scenes we weren't privy to the previous week. And in *Genesis of the Daleks* Part Three, the vast abyss we saw Sarah plunge from at the end of Part Two has become strangely foreshortened.

Invasion of the Dinosaurs Part One, Two and Five: Deja-vu?

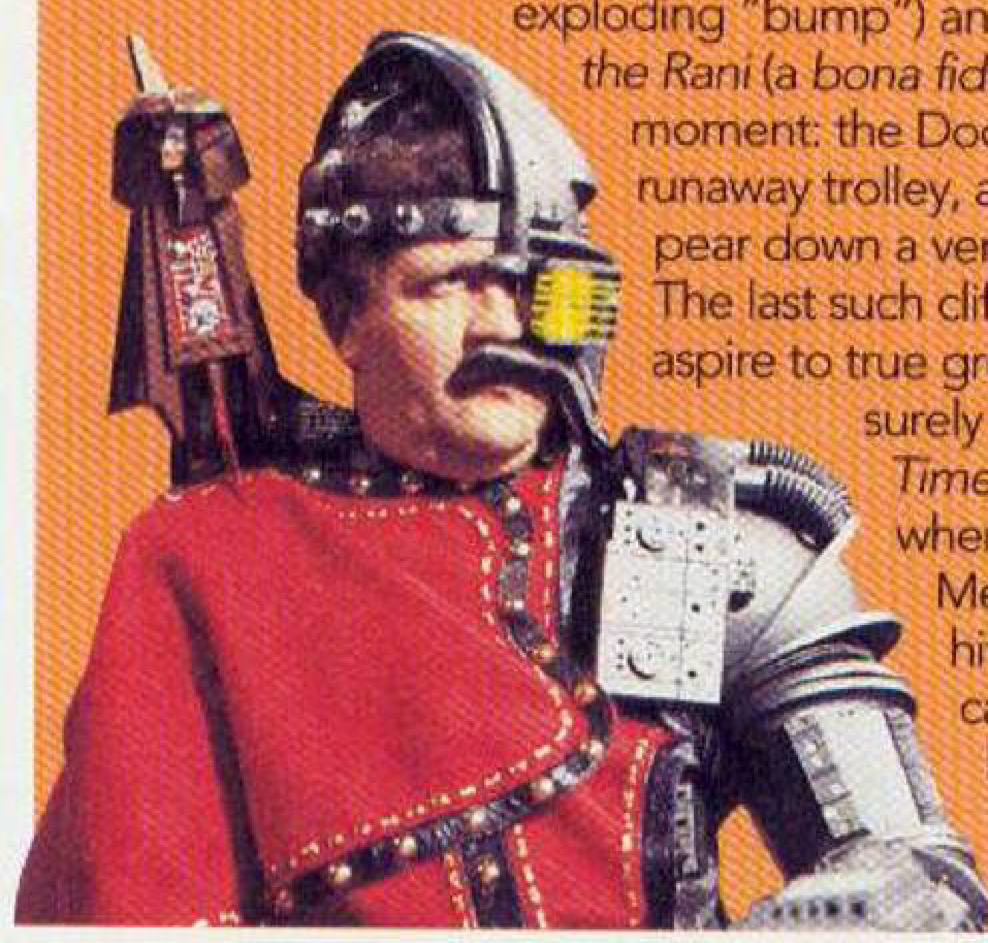
These, however, are the simplest examples of the cliffhanger; others fall into convenient categories, illustrated elsewhere on these pages. To these we might add several more variants: 'No! Not That Switch!', perhaps (*The Daleks' Master Plan*: *Escape Switch*, *The Armageddon Factor* Part Three); 'Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea' (*The Sea Devils* Episode Three, *The Trial of a Time Lord* Part Two); 'It's Behind You!' (*The Green Death* Episode Three, *The Brain of Morbius* Part Three, *Image of the Fendahl* Part One); and 'The Doctor's Definitely Dead This Time!' (*The Daemons* Episode One, *The Deadly Assassin* Part Three, *Warriors of the Deep Part One*). Better all these hoary old chestnuts, however, than a story which is so in love with one shock moment that it repeats it over and over again – to wit, the cliffhangers to *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* (Parts One, Two and Five: Crikey, it's a tyrannosaurus! Another tyrannosaurus! Yet another tyrannosaurus!).

Right: The Doctor, Tegan (Janet Fielding) and Turlough (Mark Strickson) cliffhanger out of *Frontios* into *Resurrection of the Daleks* . . . Photo © BBC Video

The most impressive cliffhangers are those which click in to illustrate a key plot point.

Now get out of that!

. . . meaning any episode which ends with our heroes trapped in very real mortal peril with no obvious means of escape. *The Reign of Terror: A Land of Fear*, for example, concludes with the Doctor stuck in a burning farmhouse; the camera pans up into the night sky. He's surely done for (unless, of course, a local ragamuffin by the name of Jean-Pierre drags his KOd body out in next week's thrilling episode). Particularly good is *Planet of Evil* Part Three, wherein the Doctor and Sarah, strapped down to sliding panels, are on the very brink of being ejected into outer space. *The Seeds of Doom* Part Two stands out, being where the Antarctic-bound Doctor and Sarah appear to have been blown up – and they *have* been . . . *The Robots of Death* Part One has the Doctor being submerged by tonnes of sand; in *The Pirate Planet* Part Three, he looks to have indeed walked the Captain's plank. The form was reattempted in Colin Baker stories *The Twin Dilemma* (Part Two: the Doctor seems to be trapped in an exploding "bump") and *The Mark of the Rani* (a *bona fide* Pearl White moment: the Doctor, tied to a runaway trolley, about to disappear down a very deep hole). The last such cliffhanger to aspire to true greatness was surely Part One of *Time and the Rani*, wherein companion Mel bounces hither and thither, caught up in a lethal 'bubble trap' . . .



By and large, the most impressive cliffhangers are those which click in to illustrate a key plot point. Take *The Deadly Assassin*, Part One: not only is the Doctor's apparent assassination of the Time Lord's President a fulfilment of a story thread heavily foreshadowed throughout the introductory episode (and utterly shocking, too), this one event will determine the whole course of subsequent episodes; its ripples will extend far wider than a moment or two following its reprise in the next instalment. Ditto, for example, *The Invasion of Time* Part Four (see later), *The Curse of Fenric* Part Three ("We play the contest again, Time Lord"). Such harmonisation of cliffhanger to plot, sadly, is rare; all-too-common in *Doctor Who* is the sudden and contrived confrontation, a hasty resort to the too-often-redundant threat of execution. (Incidentally, that *Deadly Assassin* cliffhanger manages to also exemplify a further type of climax: that which depends substantially for its effect upon our understanding of the Doctor. His action is impulsive, seemingly out-of-character, and is striking for that reason alone; see also *The Creature From the Pit* Part One, where he leaps into the known-to-be-deadly Pit rather than face the wrath of the despotic Lady Adrasta – and *Logopolis* Part Three, where, pressing the flesh, he strikes a bargain with arch-enemy the Master.)

In the series' later years, its approach to cliffhangers began to exhibit a knowingness, a self-conscious aspect. *The Power of Kroll* Part One, for example, concludes with Romana being menaced by a run-of-the-mill tentacle wielded, apparently, by *Doctor Who*'s usual man in a rubber suit. When it's revealed in Part Two that what appears to be a man in a rubber suit is *indeed* a man in a rubber suit – well, there's something clever going on. Three years and a Doctor later, in Part Two of *The Visitation*, our hero, when forced

Below: Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen) recovers from the shock of the cliffhanger to Part Two of *The Seeds of Doom*. Photo © BBC Video

The War Games Episode Nine (1969)

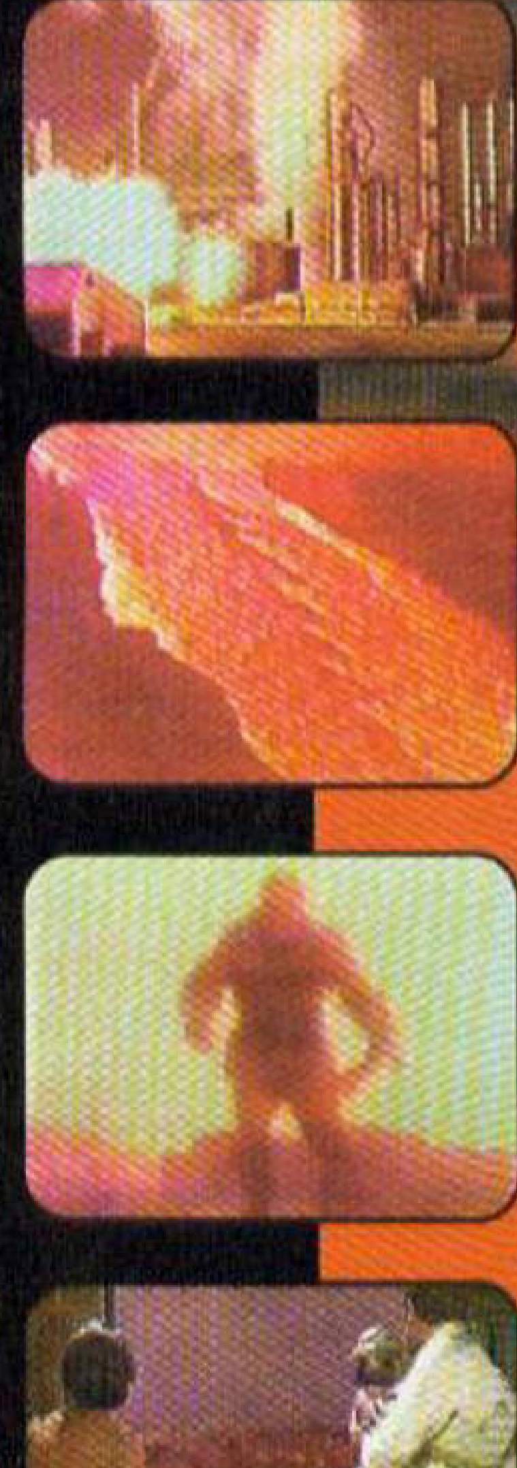
The War Games are ended, but the Doctor (Patrick Troughton), unable to return the many shanghaied soldiers back to Earth himself, has been forced to call upon the all-powerful Time Lords for assistance. Hurried, he vacates Central Control alongside companions Jamie and Zoe (Frazer Hines and Wendy Padbury). The fiery Arturo Villar (Michael Napier-Brown) fires off a few shots as he departs. "Don't worry," beams the malevolent War Lord (Philip Madoc), himself outmanoeuvred. "When the Time Lords get him, he'll wish you had killed him . . . They're coming!" The time-travellers reappear in No Man's Land; they race for the TARDIS, time slowing down, the air like treacle. The Doctor fumbles for the TARDIS lock, struggling: "Time Lords! Try harder! We must get away!"

For the first time ever, the mysterious Time Lords, from whom the Doctor has been on the run for as long as we've known him, make their Olympian presence felt – something which clearly terrifies our hero far more than any Dalek or Cyberman, and is hugely disconcerting for that reason alone. A grandiloquent, funereal organ invokes the Gods' arrival; the Doctor is seen, quite literally, running out of Time.

Inferno Episode Six (1970)

In a parallel universe, Professor Stahlman's deep-drilling project has hit Penetration Zero, releasing a flood of lethal primal slime from the Earth's very core. The Doctor (Jon Pertwee) is struggling to realign his disestablished TARDIS console and escape back to our world, where he must prevent the same thing from happening; the Brigade Leader (Nicholas Courtney) attempts to hitch a lift with him, something which would cause a "cosmic disaster". He's shot dead by the alternate Liz Shaw (Caroline John) – but it's too late. This world is ending, rocked by volcanoes, earthquakes; a flood of lava threatens to engulf the Doctor and friends . . .

Granted, the final CSO shot fails to convince, but the montage of scenes leading up to this moment are truly some of the most awe-inspiring in the series' history. Our friend the Brigadier coldly murdered by our friend Liz; our friend Benton transmuted into a slavering beast; a series of huge explosions demolish the drill head; ragged denizens of the doomed planet reel across the scene like refugees from Peter Watkins' notorious 'nuclear catastrophe' film, The War Game. *The End of the World writ large; Armageddon in 625-line colour.*



The Android Invasion Part Two (1975)

Landing ostensibly in an English rural hamlet, The Doctor (Tom Baker) has come to realise that all is not as it seems; beneath the facade of tranquil Devesham, an alien menace is at work. Reunited, after a series of increasingly hazardous scrapes, with companion Sarah Jane Smith (Elisabeth Sladen), the pair make their way back to the TARDIS – only to find it vanished. "I don't understand," says Sarah. "Yes you do," states the Doctor. "This isn't Earth." He grasps the branch of a nearby tree. "This isn't real wood. It's some kind of artificial material, like plastic. These are not real trees. And you're not the real Sarah." His companion's doppelganger produces a revolver: "Get back, Doctor." "I knew at once," says the Doctor. "You see, the real Sarah wasn't wearing a scarf." Suddenly, he knocks the weapon clear, grasps his *ersatz* chum by the upper arms, urging: "What have you done with Sarah?" The other shakes free, but stumbles to the ground, rolling over; its mask is knocked clear. Disembodied eyeballs leer up at him through a maze of circuitry; 'she' is an android.

Not as startling as it might seem – that this is a robot Sarah is never in doubt – but the Doctor's dialogue, cleverly paced by repetition, builds up to an almighty finale; Baker knows exactly what he's doing, delivering his lines plainly, slightly muted – until he snaps, turns on the false Sarah with cold malice to the fore. Quite rightly, the cliffhanger doesn't come on the reveal of the gun, but with the menace exposed and apparently helpless; that is what's chilling. The "I'm not who you think *I am" sub-genre done to a tee.*

The Invasion of Time Part Four (1978)

The Vardans' invasion of the Time Lords' planet, Gallifrey, is over – but, in punching a hole in the world's transduction barriers, the Doctor (Tom Baker) may have admitted an even greater menace. Cheering tribespeople gather in the Panopticon; the Doctor addresses them. "It's been a long hard road, but at last the future of Gallifrey is assured." The outsiders suddenly stop their hurrahs, staring wide-eyed over the Doctor's shoulder. He turns. Materialised behind him are four Sontarans.

It's not over yet! A simple deceit, true, but nevertheless Doctor Who's *definitive "drop me bacon sandwich" moment.*

Surreal!

Doctor Who's never shied from cliffhangers which err towards the Dadaist. Both *Planet of Giants: Dangerous Journey* (in which the Doctor and Susan are washed down a giant plughole) and *The Space Museum*'s first instalment (a peculiar montage of static images with an OTT soundtrack underscoring the very odd notion that the Doctor and friends are about to be frozen in an alternate history) were merely bizarre, incongruous; it wasn't until *The Mind Robber* that things started to get really strange. Episode 1 concludes with the TARDIS exploding into neat pieces; companions Jamie and Zoe cling onto the detached console as the Doctor spins slowly down through a cloudy void. Episode 4's finale, meanwhile, in which Jamie and Zoe are compressed between the leaves of a giant book, might have left Luis Bunuel scratching his head. The mid-point of *The Three Doctors* has an entire building (UNIT HQ), detached from any earthly moorings, flying through some strange vortex; *The Face of Evil*'s third intermission has a triptych of huge Fourth Doctor visages screaming "Who am I?" Also worthy of mention: *Warriors' Gate* Part Three (past events blur into the present), *Castrovalva* Part Three (the whole world as an Escher etching), and *The Trial of a Time Lord* Part Thirteen (disembodied hands erupt from a sandy shoreline, dragging the Doctor down).

to submit to an impending decapitation, groans: "Oh no, not again . . ." The term 'postmodern' seems apt; a metafictional narrative which parodies its own conventions and expectations within its own framework. The unveilings of the Master in *Time-Flight* and *The King's Demons*, for instance, are less narrative 'shocks' than the fulfilment of a (tacitly) tendered promise – this is how they achieve their effect. We all know that the Daleks will eventually show themselves in a story entitled *Destiny of the Daleks*; but that in no way defeats the impact of their sudden entrance at the end of Part One. On the contrary, it reinforces it; the viewer's anticipation of their arrival while watching the first episode is substituted by curiosity as to the nature of their plan – and the gosh-darn excitement of seeing them in action – leading up to the second.

Moving on, the cliffhanger to *Vengeance on Varos* ("And cut it . . . now") is just about as close as the series has ever got to openly acknowledging its status as a constructed fiction (excepting *The Daleks' Master Plan: The Feast of Steven*); similarly, the ending of *The Trial of a Time Lord* Part One plays with the audience's perception of the 'last-chance' Season Twenty-Three. *Remembrance of the Daleks* Part One toys with its audience: we know that the easiest way to confound an encroaching Dalek is to flee up a flight of stairs. But it isn't, not any more. Such an ending goes beyond *Doctor Who* feeding off its own past, its own fiction; this is *Doctor Who* relying for its impact upon the audience's understanding of its boundaries – and then stretching them, moving the goalposts. Now *that's* clever.

Dimensions in Time: Mandy or Big Ron – you decide!

Five long years later, the thriller bisecting charity skit *Dimensions in Time* proved demonstrably to be the single most postmodern cliffhanger of all: after Part One, not only were viewers told – told! – that the Doctor would be rescued from the clutches of the evil Rani at the beginning of Part Two, they were asked to ring in to select his saviour from a choice of two (stroppy urchin Mandy Salter or taciturn stallholding lunk Big Ron). Thus, between the nights of 26th and 27th February 1993, the cliffhanger did finally consume itself – and was never seen again.

It now seems inevitable that the traditional *Doctor Who* cliffhanger is almost certainly dead; any new series, it appears, will probably comprise further TV Movies, or self-contained 50-minute instalments, *Doctor Who*'s long-standing serial element having been dispensed with once and for all in favour of broadcast forms more typical of the nineties. Perhaps, in years to come, all we can hope for is end-of-season shockers in the style of the various *Star Trek* franchises, or *The X Files*. Unless . . .

Those US fans who saw last year's Paul McGann TV film in its original Fox-networked form viewed it in a very different way to the rest of us – sub-divided into seven scripted Acts, all punctuated by commercial breaks. One Act climaxed with the reborn Doctor hollering "Who am I?" while elsewhere, the Master finally asserts his dominance over the body of paramedic Bruce; another, with a sweeping camera angle through Grace's doorway revealing the new form of the Time Lord's nemesis; yet another, with *faux* companion Grace, possessed by the renegade, clubbing the Doctor unconscious with a space-age spanner. All, of course, classic suspended enigmas – all ridden with unreleased tension, all replete with the pleasures of gleeful anticipation of what is yet to come. "And now, a word from our sponsors . . ."

The *Doctor Who* TV Movie: "Who am I?"

"So, where to next?" Will the musings of the Eighth Doctor, alone in his TARDIS at the end of his first adventure, prove to be the most suspenseful enigma of all? These days, it seems, the Doctor's behind-the-scenes struggles give his fans more sleepless nights than any imaginary battles as yet unresolved. Will our hero survive, his fate to hang in the fictional balance another day? What happens next? To find out, be sure to tune in at the same time, next . . . ◆

Villains in trouble (at the end of Part Three)

A peculiar sub-genre which crops up only very occasionally – the first known instance being *The Enemy of the World* Episode 3, wherein earthquake-manufacturing demagogue Salamander learns that he has an impersonator. Far more effective – and testament to the ability of actor Roger Delgado – is the conclusion to the third instalment of *The Daemons*, in which the evil Master cowers on the floor of the Cavern, overawed by the power of the latest manifestation of the alien Azal. The penultimate episode of *The Hand of Fear* has tyrant Eldrad being comprehensively punctured by a high-tech harpoon. Part Three of *The Creature From the Pit*, meanwhile, climaxes with dominatrix Lady Adrasta being swamped by the immense bulk of extraterrestrial ambassador Erato; and *Planet of Fire* Part Three reveals the true scale of the Master's predicament on planet Sarn.

Opposite left: Romana (Lalla Ward) is cornered by the Daleks at the end of Part One of *Destiny of the Daleks*.

Below left: The Doctor (Colin Baker) needs a hand as Part Thirteen of *The Trial of a Time Lord* ends . . .
Photos © BBC Video

It seems inevitable that the traditional *Doctor Who* cliffhanger is almost certainly dead.

The Leisure Hive Part One (1980)

The planet Argolis, where, at a palatial monument to cross-cultural understanding, an horrific accident has occurred within the Argolins' tachyon-fuelled recreation generator; an Earthling has been ripped apart. Investigating, the Doctor (Tom Baker) slips inside the generator to examine its innards. Outside, companion Romana (Lalla Ward) beats on the doors, urging him to come out. Unseen by her, a reptilian claw manipulates the generator's controls; the Doctor appears on the visidome above, smiling. Horror-struck, Romana watches on as the Doctor's limbs detach themselves from his body. He screams . . .

A prime example of Doctor Who *using available technology to forge a scenario which might never be realised anywhere else. Unforgettable, despite its cursory resolution in Part Two; the Doctor's ear-splitting shriek blends seamlessly into the series' first use of Peter Howell's screaming closing theme.*

The Caves of Androzani Part Three (1984)

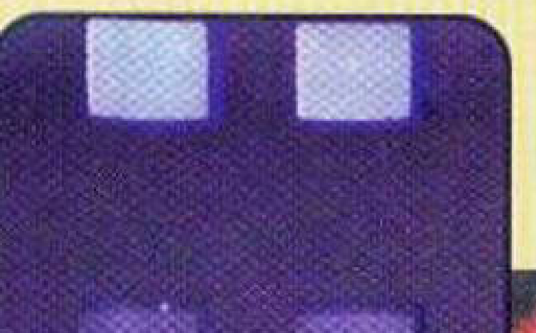
The Doctor (Peter Davison) has hijacked a spacecraft and, locked in the bridge, has set it on a collision course with planet Androzani Minor, where companion Peri, like himself, is in the throes of lethal spectrox toxaemia poisoning – and where the only cure is located. Gun-runner Stotz (Maurice Roeves) burns his way through the door, thrusting a stubby blaster through the hole. Levelling it at the Doctor, he orders the Time Lord to surrender: "I'll kill you if you don't!" "Not a very persuasive argument actually, Stotz," retorts the Doctor, "because I'm going to die soon anyway . . . unless, of course, I can find the antidote! I owe it to my friend to try because I got her into this. So, you see, I'm not going to let you stop me now!" The spacecraft dives towards the planet's surface; the Doctor screws his eyes tightly shut . . .

Cue crash zoom; cue credits. 'Relentless' is the word, we feel. Performed and realised with absolute, unerring conviction, this sequence is granted an added frisson of suspense by the knowledge that the Doctor is, indeed, on the verge of his next regeneration. Our hearts in our mouths, we honestly believed that this one could only be resolved bloodily. Desperate men do desperate things; perhaps the most 'real' cliffhanger of them all.

Vengeance on Varos Part One (1985)

In the No-Options Kill Centre of the Punishment Dome on planet Varos, the Doctor (Colin Baker) is undergoing a terminal ordeal; believing imposed hallucinations of an endless desert to be real, he is dying, psychosomatically, of thirst. His trial is being broadcast across Varos' TV network; elsewhere, the Governor (Martin Jarvis) directs the screening. "The moment approaches," he informs his vision mixer. "Close-up on death throes, please." On screen, the Doctor makes one final attempt to raise himself, then lies still. "How long should I hold?" asks the subordinate. "And cut it . . . now!" The Governor snaps his fingers. The screens go blank.

Acutely self-referential; painfully, playfully post-modern. Television eats its own aesthetic; if cliffhangers were shown in art galleries, this might win the Turner Prize.



Remembrance of the Daleks Part One (1988)

1963, and there's something nasty in the cellar of London's Coal Hill School: a Dalek transmat platform. The Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) and Ace (Sophie Aldred) intervene, disabling the platform; but, according to the Doctor, Daleks "usually leave an operator on station in case of malfunctions." The operator glides out. "Stay where you are! Do not move!" it squawks. "The stairs!" bellows the Doctor. Ace races up to ground level, but the Doctor trips on the steps; up top, Ace is knocked unconscious by the school's Headmaster (Michael Sheard), a Dalek agent. He bolts the cellar door. The Doctor scrambles up the stairs, beating on the locked door – "Ace! Ace!" – then turns, astounded. The Dalek is rising up the steps after him . . .

The most multi-layered of all our final ten, this jolts the audience's awareness of Doctor Who's *conventions – a key precept being that, as per* Destiny of the Daleks, *Daleks don't climb stairs. Ah, but they do, they do. The watching nation (well, 5.5 million of the watching nation, anyway) reels in disbelief. Once again, nowhere is safe . . .*

"I am what I am..."

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS

THE FINAL CHAPTER

Doctor Who's longest-serving producer concludes his revealing account of his years with the series

When I finally left the bright red *Doctor Who* office for good in August 1990, I had no idea that I would continue to be involved with the series (albeit nowadays, only occasionally) for so long. I had declined the BBC's offer of a lavish party – but, on my last day, and much to my complete surprise, friends, colleagues and several *Doctor Who* regulars descended on the office, laden with drink and food to wish me well for the future.

31 WHO WEEKEND

Actually, I finished on a Friday at the BBC and started work at BSB the following Monday! They had asked me to act as a consultant on their weekend of *Doctor Who* programming – thirty-odd hours of it. I was taken aback when, after a series of meetings, I was then asked to co-present the whole thing alongside two deliciously amusing BSB presenters, Sharma and Debbie.

I had already done quite a lot of TV presenting for fund-raising marathons in America and the like, but this was something quite different. As I was the only person on the team with a *Who* background, I wrote all my own links and advised on the content of the others. I especially liked interviewing people whom I already knew very well, such as Dalek designer Ray Cusick, and devising the questions was challenging.

Almost immediately, the schedule started running behind time; since Sylvester McCoy had another engagement, the executive producer asked if I'd interview Sylv at two minutes' notice! I agreed – but to this day I've no idea what I asked him, though he said he'd enjoyed the questions.

It was great fun to do – and when recording over-ran substantially, I had a wonderful feeling of detachment; I was hearing and seeing the problems being sorted out by someone else, and not watching the clock myself.

THE YEARS TAPES

My next *Doctor Who* assignment was a series of videos for BBC Home Entertainment – the Hartnell, Troughton and Pertwee *Years* tapes being the first three (apart from the extended *Curse of Fenric*, which was already in the can). These were packages of programming with specially-recorded linking material: the first two being comprised of odd episodes remaining from sixties stories which had been otherwise junked. I wrote, directed and produced these packages; all three were shot on one bitterly cold winter's day. We started at the costume and props store on Western Avenue, where we recorded Sylvester's links for the Hartnell tape, and decamped to Lime Grove studios for an early lunch. Outside, we recorded Jon Pertwee's links with a Yeti, which had fleas. I suspect, however, the bitter cold killed them off! Certainly there were no complaints of itching from the person who had to squat down out of shot to support the Yeti (which was in constant danger of toppling over).

After a brief stop outside TV Centre for another link, it was back to the Western Avenue store for the bulk of the Troughton/Pertwee links.

When these tapes sold very well, I was asked to do others – but more of that later . . .

I went to many meetings to discuss the Museum of the Moving Image's special *Doctor Who* exhibit. Its success was such that it remained on site far longer than originally planned; as many of you will know, there is now a small, but permanent, display at MOMI. I helped set up the exhibition, which was finished minutes, and I mean minutes, before it was opened to the press and invited guests. The head of BBC make-up had agreed to supply a full make-up artiste's kit-box, containing wig glue, powders, paints and all the other paraphernalia essential to the art of 'slap'. This, in a small display area, was to be augmented by a *Leisure Hive* Argolin wig (loaned by Andrew Beech), and many photos displaying the various make-up techniques. At the last minute we were denied the kit-box, which left a gaping hole in this display. In desperation we rushed someone off to Boots the Chemist to buy a few brushes and lipsticks!

THE SPACE STATION

I was invited to produce a pilot for BBC Select for a science-fiction magazine programme, which I called *The Space Station*. The basic idea was that – just as now happens with nursing, legal, and financial services – during the 'dead' hours of BBC TV whilst the average viewer is asleep, sci-fi fans who'd paid for a 'smart-card' could

Main picture: Sylvester McCoy in celebratory mood for *Children in Need* and the Thirtieth anniversary of *Doctor Who.*

Inset, left: Sylvester in more conventional pose as a guest on BSB's 31 Who weekend

Below: John Nathan-Turner with fellow hosts of the BSB *Doctor Who* weekend, Debbie Flint and Shyama Perera.

Above: Sylvester McCoy encounters a familiar foe while recording links for the *Years* videos. Photo © BBC Video

receive this special transmission, which would be sent directly to their VCRs for later viewing. The pilot was to be ninety minutes in length: it had to include one 25-minute *Doctor Who* episode, and one half-hour episode of a wonderful ITV series called *Timeslip*; the rest was to be filled with news, views, and reviews.

I engaged Sophie Aldred and then DWAS supremo Andrew Beech to present the show, and decided to shoot in and around MOMI. Also contributing were Los Angeles-based US fan Eric L Hoffman, plus a so-called 'live' phone call to Sophie from Eric Luskin, the producer of *The Making of Silver Nemesis*, who put sci-fi news from the East Coast into perspective. Also included were interviews with Jessica Martin, *Timeslip*'s Cheryl Street and *Blake's 7* producer Vere Lorrimer, plus the latest shots of Jupiter's moons courtesy NASA (which were accompanied by a song from Becka Wheatley).

I was pleased with the end results and so were BBC Select. Then it was discovered that research, involving **Doctor Who Magazine** staff as consultants, indicated that it would not be a viable proposition – there were not 100,000 people likely to pay for the service. Astra TV (later abandoned) was looming, and UK Gold was waiting in the wings; even so, I did not believe the research figures.

Right: Various stages in the completion of *Shada*: Tom Baker checks his script prior ro recording; as the Doctor in the finished story; and Tom prepares to record his links for the video. Photos © BBC Video

THE MISSING STORIES

The *Evil of the Daleks* and *Macra Terror* audio cassettes were fun to do, too. I borrowed tapes of these stories, most episodes of which no longer survive as video recordings, from fans David Stead and Richard Landen, both of whom had tape-recorded these early broadcasts at the time. Bits were better from one person's tape than another – occasionally, someone's mum would announce that tea was ready! – and, thanks to a miraculous sound engineer in North London, we ended up with the best quality sound possible. When the gentlemen who had loaned their tapes asked for a credit on the cassettes' insert, it was denied by the then Head of Department.

It was not *my* decision, I swear.

Later, when they released other stories, they permitted the suppliers a credit. There was an insinuation that I had blocked the earlier credit; this was totally untrue. Policies from above *do* change, and mere programme-makers are not necessarily informed as to why, although I found this apparent *volte face* surprising. As far as I'm concerned, if someone is generous enough to loan tapes from their private collection (even though, strictly speaking, they have breached BBC copyright – which was the reason I was told that they couldn't be acknowledged in the first place), they should receive a credit.

SHADA

As those of you who have followed these memoirs already know, I had tried to finish the abandoned Fourth Doctor story *Shada* before, without success. This time I was determined. I persuaded Tom Baker to do the linking material for the video release of *Shada*. Actually, Tom was quite keen; he told me that he'd always liked this particular story and, much to my surprise and delight, he suggested that his *Shada* links were done in the first person. In other words, "*I* headed towards the TARDIS" rather than, "the Doctor headed towards the TARDIS".

The location this time was the 'monster' section of the MOMI exhibition. I was extremely pleased with this release. As I'm sure you know, what was originally filmed and recorded of Season Seventeen's *Shada* amounted to the bulk of Part One, less of Part Two, even less of Part Three and so on, resulting in very little indeed of Part Six! I took liberties with what was available from the archives; I split scenes, I invented backgrounds, I used material unintended for transmission – let alone the material I treated in post-production – so the tape didn't conclude with little more than a 'talking head' (even if it was Tom Baker's) relentlessly wading through the essential plot details of the final episode. I half-expected certain over-dedicated fans to cry 'foul' – but perhaps even they realised that this was a much better way of completing *Shada* than any other. Screen credits for all those involved only in the video version were on a roller caption which followed on from *Shada*'s original production credits, and distinct from the Season Seventeen titles intended. (Extended version of *The Five Doctors* personnel, please note.)

> **I half-expected fans of *Shada* to cry 'foul' – but perhaps even they realised that this was a better way of completing it than any other.**

CYBERMEN – THE EARLY YEARS

A couple of days before shooting links for both *Shada* and two more compilations of odd sixties episodes, *Daleks* and *Cybermen – The Early Years*, a vast number of tapes were returned to BBC Enterprises from Hong Kong. Enterprises' David Stead had spotted what appeared to be a complete version of the previously AWOL Patrick Troughton four-parter *The Tomb of the Cybermen*. These tapes were despatched to be checked, authenticated, cleaned up, re-printed and so on; we were all asked to maintain silence, just in case they couldn't, for whatever reason, be released.

As I had engaged *Tomb*'s director, Morris Barry, to talk about his work for *Cybermen – The Early Years*, I suggested that I could get him to talk direct to camera about the story as a prelude to a possible video release, if it proved to have remained reasonably undamaged over the years – but I was asked not to tell even Morris of the find. So, I guided Morris through the list of topics I wanted him to mention and asked him to 'look straight down the bottle' (as we term looking straight to camera). "John, forgive me, won't this look a little odd?" he said. "Shouldn't my eye-line be to left or right of camera? I thought all the other stuff was being shot like an interview." What I burbled about must have made some sort of sense, I suppose, but I *had* been sworn to secrecy. Of course, once it had been established that the picture quality of *Tomb* was acceptable for release and that clearances from all concerned had been obtained, I was able to let Morris in on the whole thing. He was thrilled and delighted that he'd been part of this very special release, which went to number one in the sell-through charts.

THE TOM BAKER YEARS

Tom had said that he would only do this double-pack video project if it was "dangerous".

I came up with the idea of showing Tom clips from all of his *Doctor Who* stories, and recording his reactions in real time – hence those tiny shots of Tom watching the tape in the corner of the picture. He was to watch each clip and then comment on the story which spawned it.

There was some criticism that I had not selected the most obvious clips for some of the stories – they'd been picked in the hope that they would lead Tom into talking about people who, perhaps, weren't included in the fans' favourite sequences. Most people, however, found this variation on the *Years* series compelling, and the tapes sold well.

I recorded this project in a small museum in Kensington and, as we anticipated having some time within the schedule to spare, I suggested we record links for the video release of *The Invasion*, which were to be performed by Nicholas Courtney. As it turned out, time ran short, but we did manage to do a couple of takes of Nick's links, which worked out quite well.

As I'd shot it, *The Invasion* began with a short and affectionate tribute to Nick. It started with a shot of a silver-framed photograph of the Brigadier, which was then mixed to a long shot of Mr Courtney himself; the camera slowly zoomed in on him while the music to *He's a Fine Old English Gentleman* played. This was removed from the final version without my being informed.

DOCTOR WHO ELSEWHERE

More videos followed. For *The Colin Baker Years*, many of the clips were suggested by Colin himself; likewise, I was working on the content of *The Davison Years* with Peter, plus *The McCoy Years* and a video tentatively entitled *Doctor Who Elsewhere*.

We recorded linking material with Carole Ann Ford for the prospective release of *The Reign of Terror* and with Mike Craze for *The Tenth Planet* (although I must confess that, with so little remaining of the last episode of the latter, I did feel this to not be such a good idea – with no disrespect to Michael). We also recorded in-depth interviews with both Michael and Carole for use in a major documentary video I'd suggested to celebrate the series' 30th anniversary.

Doctor Who Elsewhere, meanwhile, was to contain material featuring *Doctor Who* actors and actresses, villains and monsters in *other* TV shows – either 'in character', or talking in depth about the part he or she had played. Peter Davison on *Pebble Mill*, for example, shortly after he'd got the part; K9 and a Cyberman on *The Generation Game* was a strong contender for inclusion, too. Among the oddities was an old *Black and White Minstrel Show* featuring *The Curse of Peladon*'s Alpha Centauri! Sadly, perhaps, this – plus the Davison and McCoy tapes, *The Reign of Terror*, *The Tenth Planet* and *Doctor Who Elsewhere* – were shelved when I left . . .

At one time, I had three videos in the top five sell-through charts; Mike Diprose, a senior Home Entertainment executive, threw a lunchtime drinks party for everyone to celebrate the department's success. The head of Home Video production was very keen for me to suggest new projects. One of my first suggestions, made in The Ark restaurant in Notting Hill Gate in 1990, was to produce a fully-fledged adventure for Home Video, featuring all the living Doctors – after all, I'd worked with all of them.

There were the usual hiccups – foreign investment falling through, and so on – but I kept pursuing the idea throughout 1991 and 1992. I had suggested that a new story could be shot very economically; the project was even costed by me, albeit roughly, twice. Imagine my surprise when, late in 1992, the then number two at Home Video production announced that there was indeed to be a five Doctors story – and that *he* was going to produce it! He asked me if I'd be his script consultant; I declined, to put it mildly, and my contract was not renewed as had been the norm. (Mind you, at the time, there was a letter-writing campaign to dislodge me from my continued involvement at the fringes of the series. Most of the letters ran along the same lines: "I don't want any more JNT specials, I just want complete stories." Much of this mail ended up on my desk, and I have it still.)

The minute I left, there were changes made to the finished versions of some of the tapes I'd done. I had selected a short selection of out-takes from the recording of *Silver Nemesis* to be incorporated alongside its extended release with the *Making of* . . . documentary, which were excised. It's odd, really; when I was at Home Video I seemed to have *carte blanche*. Nothing was ever changed, but once I'd gone it was different. However, as with all things in this business, you have to grin and bear it and bow to those who think otherwise. I leave you to decide what you would have preferred. Nevertheless, I was genuinely saddened by the news that *The Dark Dimension*, Enterprises' planned film, wasn't going to happen. I would not be so churlish as to revel in any programme-maker's loss, as has been suggested – especially as the director was to have been Graeme Harper, whom I would have chosen to direct the programme I'd originally proposed.

At this time, I felt sick to death of *Doctor Who*. I'd stopped going to conventions – they had ceased to be fun, and I had better things to do with my weekends. I was out of fashion again! Do you know, dear reader, in the *Doctor Who* world I've been in and out of fashion more times than Patsy (in *Absolutely Fabulous*) dropped her drawers!

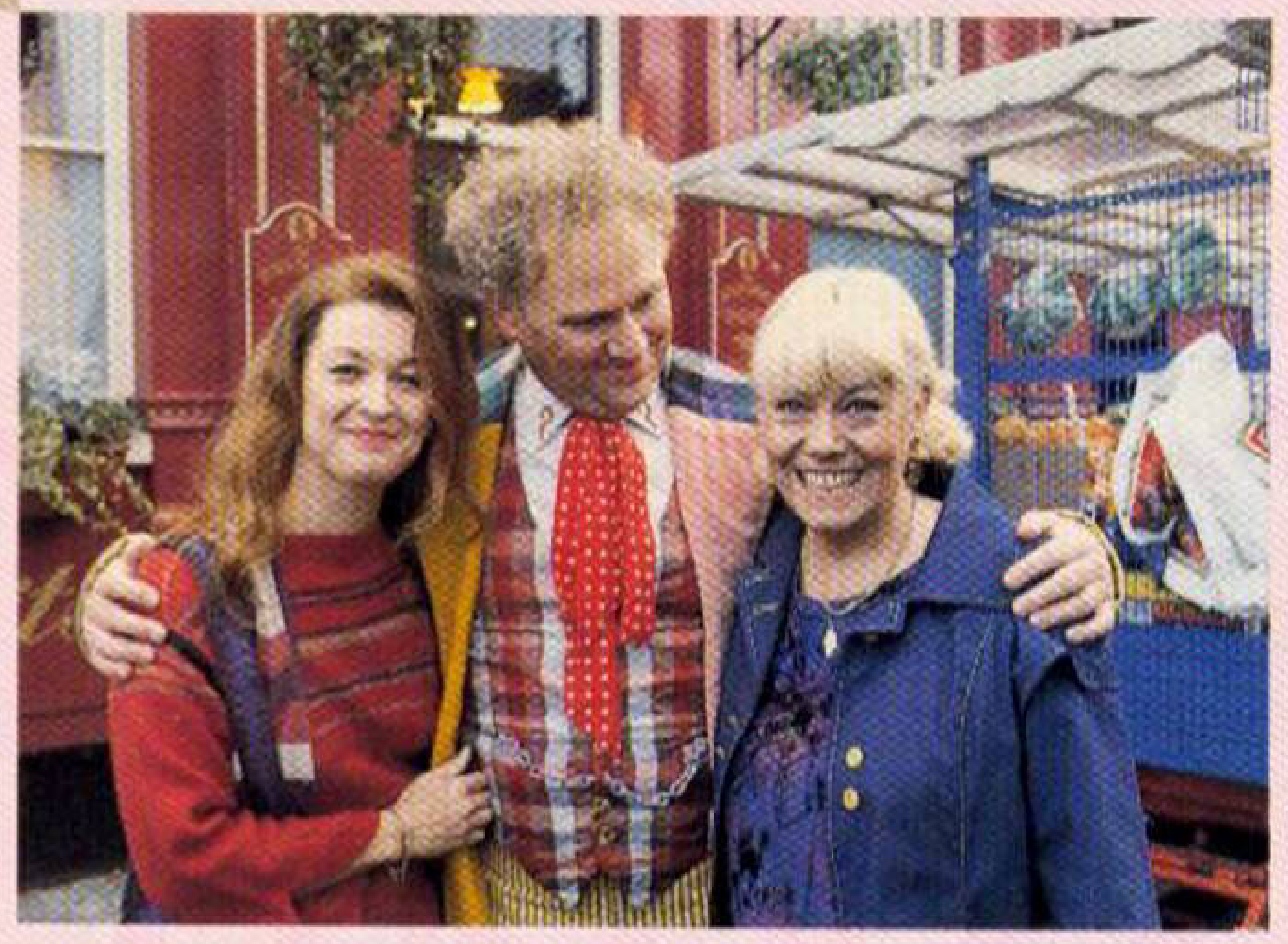
DIMENSIONS IN TIME

In June 1993, my old chum Nick Handel, the editor of *Children In Need*, took me to lunch and suggested I produce for him an extended sketch to feature all the living Doctors, and shot for 3D viewing – *Children in Need* wanted to feature prominently in BBC1's planned '3D week'. We had a great lunch, talking over old times – at one point Nick had played the drums when *All Creatures Great and Small* producer Bill Sellars and I had played ugly sisters in a pantomime at Thames Ditton (and that's the last time you'll hear the 'p' word in these memoirs, I promise). I said I'd think about the proposal. Initially, I'd thought 'no'. My agent, however, thought differently – he thought I should make it my formal *Doctor Who* swansong, and was most persuasive. Then the whole thing started to escalate. Noel Edmonds wanted to be part of '3D week', too, and I was asked to make it a two-part story; the first instalment to be broadcast within the main *Children in Need* fundraiser itself, the second as part of *Noel's House Party*. It was my suggestion to use *EastEnders*' 'Albert Square' lot as a location, and to involve as many of the *EastEnders* cast as possible. Wendy Richard ('Pauline') was marvellous, and did a great deal of ground work for me by persuading many of the soap's half-exhausted actors to take part.

I had asked to have a co-writer; I knew that the script was going to be re-jigged daily – in the event, it was often hourly! – and I'd been impressed by an excellent non-*Doctor Who* script by David

Left: Three Doctors reunite for the joint *Children in Need* and *Doctor Who* events in 1993: Jon Pertwee, Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy. Photo © BBC

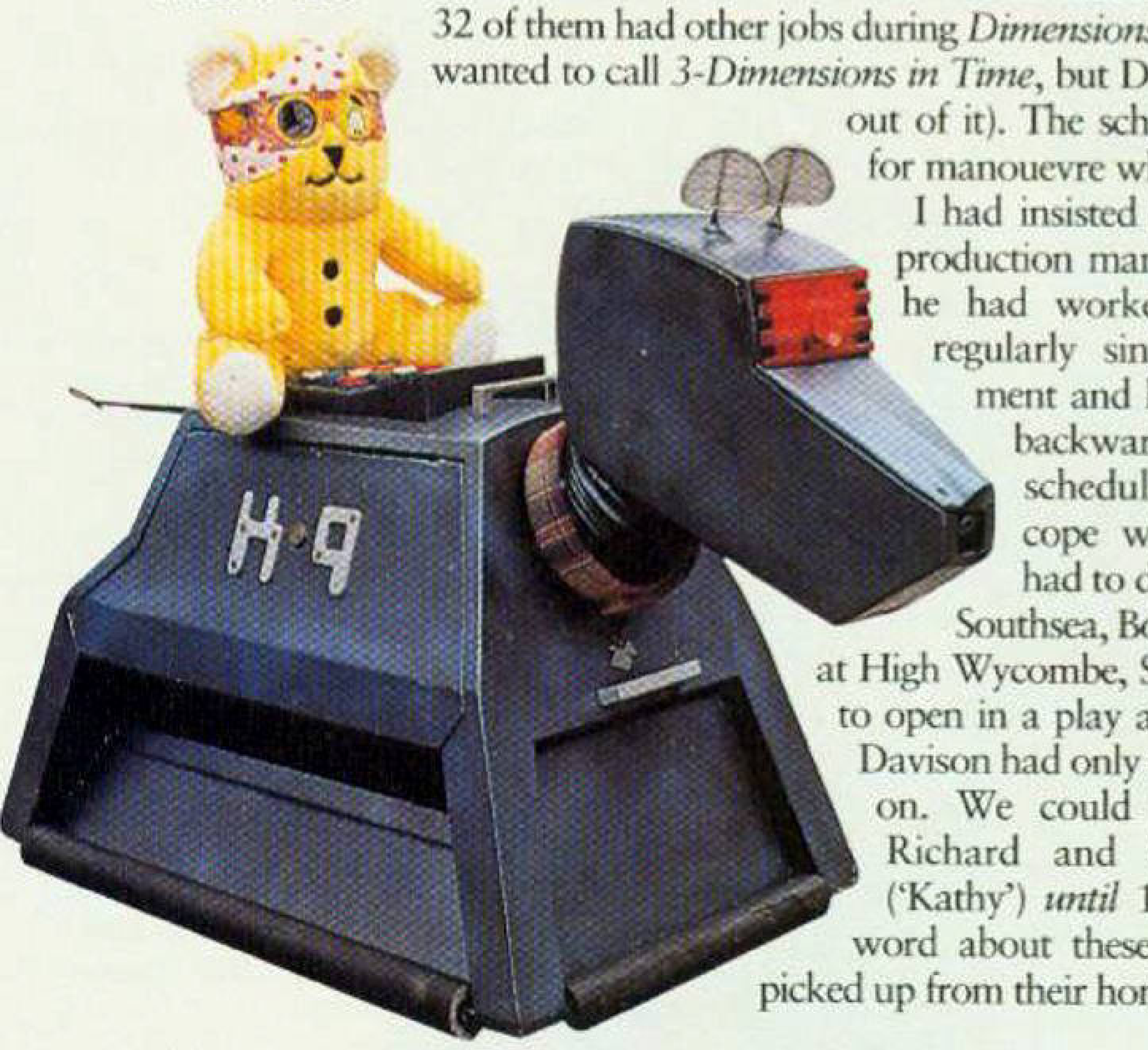
Right: Two generations of *Doctor Who* and *EastEnders*: Jon Pertwee and Colin Baker with Wendy Richard and Gillian Taylforth



Roden that I'd been asked to read. David's talents had been recognised by the film-maker Derek Jarman initially, although it wasn't Derek who introduced us. I've been asked why I didn't use a more experienced *Doctor Who* writer. The fact is, I knew that the whole thing would be mayhem, constantly changed, adapted and interfered with (albeit often productively) by the various interested parties far more than is usual. I had experience of *Children In Need*; goodness knows how many times during my *Doctor Who* tenure we'd done pastiches, presentations, auctions, personal appearances and the like. I knew how the *Children In Need* show worked; it all relies on so much goodwill (and ever-changing goalposts). I had seen non-*Doctor Who* artistes getting extremely stroppy when told to make alterations at a minutes' notice; I'd seen threatened fisticuffs, people walking out and so on. Thus I wanted a talented, yet relatively inexperienced co-writer who would adapt to this peculiar way of making a marathon; one which bears little resemblance to programme-making in the real world. And, with relentless enthusiasm, he did adapt. "Can you rewrite the scene with Jamie, David, he's no longer free. I'm trying to contact Carole Ann Ford . . ." "Louise Jameson can only be at Greenwich – look at the implications script-wise, David, please . . ." "Sam West is now playing the Rani's side-kick, not Sir Ian McKellen. Script conference in half-an-hour!'

I don't need to defend *Dimensions in Time* – it should be taken for what it is: a jolly romp to celebrate *Doctor Who*'s thirtieth birthday.

This is no exaggeration of the way it was at Centre House, our base for *Children In Need*. There were 34 actors playing parts and 32 of them had other jobs during *Dimensions in Time* (which I'd wanted to call *3-Dimensions in Time*, but David had talked me out of it). The schedule left no room for manouevre whatsoever.



Below: K9 with bear back-rider. Photo © BBC

I had insisted that Gary Downie production managed the show, as he had worked on *EastEnders* regularly since its commencement and knew *Doctor Who* backwards too. He had a scheduling nightmare to cope with. Kate O'Mara had to do evening shows at Southsea, Bonnie Langford was at High Wycombe, Sylvester was about to open in a play at Greenwich, Peter Davison had only one day free and so on. We could only use Wendy Richard and Gillian Taylforth ('Kathy') *until* 10.30am! (A quick word about these ladies: they were picked up from their homes at 6am to go to Elstree, be made-up, do our shoot and *then* do a day's work in their own studio 'til 9.45pm that night, both having major storylines in the soap at the time. They coped, we all coped . . .)

David was – and still is, so far as I know – a friend of Neil and Chris, the Pet Shop Boys, and he suggested we ask them to do a new arrangement of Ron Grainer's theme. Sadly, they couldn't find time. However, my Light Entertainment colleague on *Children in Need*, Tom Webber, persuaded them to perform their latest single in 3D instead. David and I then approached Erasure and, not hearing anything for a couple of weeks, assumed they couldn't help. If only we'd been told that they were on tour earlier, we could have faxed, been to see them, twisted their arm, plied them with drinks etc. They did eventually agree, but rather too late – and by then I had agreed to use Cybertech's version, and I don't go back on my word.

One of the Cybertech group, dressed as a *Doctor Who* alien, had approached me on the *EastEnders* lot; I'd listened to his cassette and decided to use it in *Dimensions*. Its rapid thrust was ideal for our fast-moving tribute.

One day during the shoot, Sylvester McCoy stood in the middle of the road outside the 'Queen Vic' facade – plus two other Doctors, a host of companions, 65 extras and umpteen fans dressed in original *Doctor Who* costumes – and yelled: "I don't understand why those BBC Enterprises people can't get us all together for love nor money, but when JNT makes a few calls, we're all here with our boots blacked – doing it for nothing! There must be something wrong!" Perhaps there was!

I went to a major convention in Chicago over the weekend of the transmission. I took 800 pairs of 3D spectacles, with *Children In Need*'s blessing, to show the two-parter at the convention. We sold the specs at $5.00 per pair, and screened the story twice, making a very nice addition to *Children in Need*'s funds.

Peter Davison, Colin Baker, Nicola Bryant and Sophie Aldred, plus several others, sold the glasses. At the end of the first showing, many attendees returned their specs – the US, after all, wasn't part of the '3D week' – suggesting we re-sell them for the charity. This we did. The money went into the hotel safe; both I and Heather Nachman, a businesswoman and loyal fan of *Doctor Who*, had to be present to even touch the cash. Heather and I banked the money on the first banking day available (the Monday after); we'd raised circa $6000 in all. I then flew to New York for a holiday. It was with abject disgust that I then heard it had been insinuated that either I, my friends, my colleagues, or anyone else connected with the showing in Chicago, had been involved in a misappropriation of the funds.

I will never, ever, forgive those that spread even suggestions of this rumour, let alone the slander itself. If I were going to steal, it would not be from a charitable organisation. The whole thing disgusts me still.

I don't need to defend *Dimensions in Time* – it should be taken for what it is: a jolly romp to celebrate *Doctor Who*'s thirtieth birthday. If you didn't like it, fine; if you did like it, that's equally fine. But if you can honestly say that the 30th anniversary of *Doctor Who* would have been better without it, without its publicity, without its *Radio Times* front cover, without its colossal audience figure, without its individual effect on the final amount of money raised for such a worthy charity, then I feel sorry for you.

It was never intended to be part of the *Doctor Who* mythos, whatever that is. Jean Marc Lofficier, compiler of Virgin's *Programme Guide*, asked me to supply him with a cast list and script of *Dimensions* after the vignettes were transmitted, which I duly did, and then some of the fan glitterati went mad! Some of the most offensive letters dropped on my mat, articles and letters were published . . . it was all out-of-proportion.

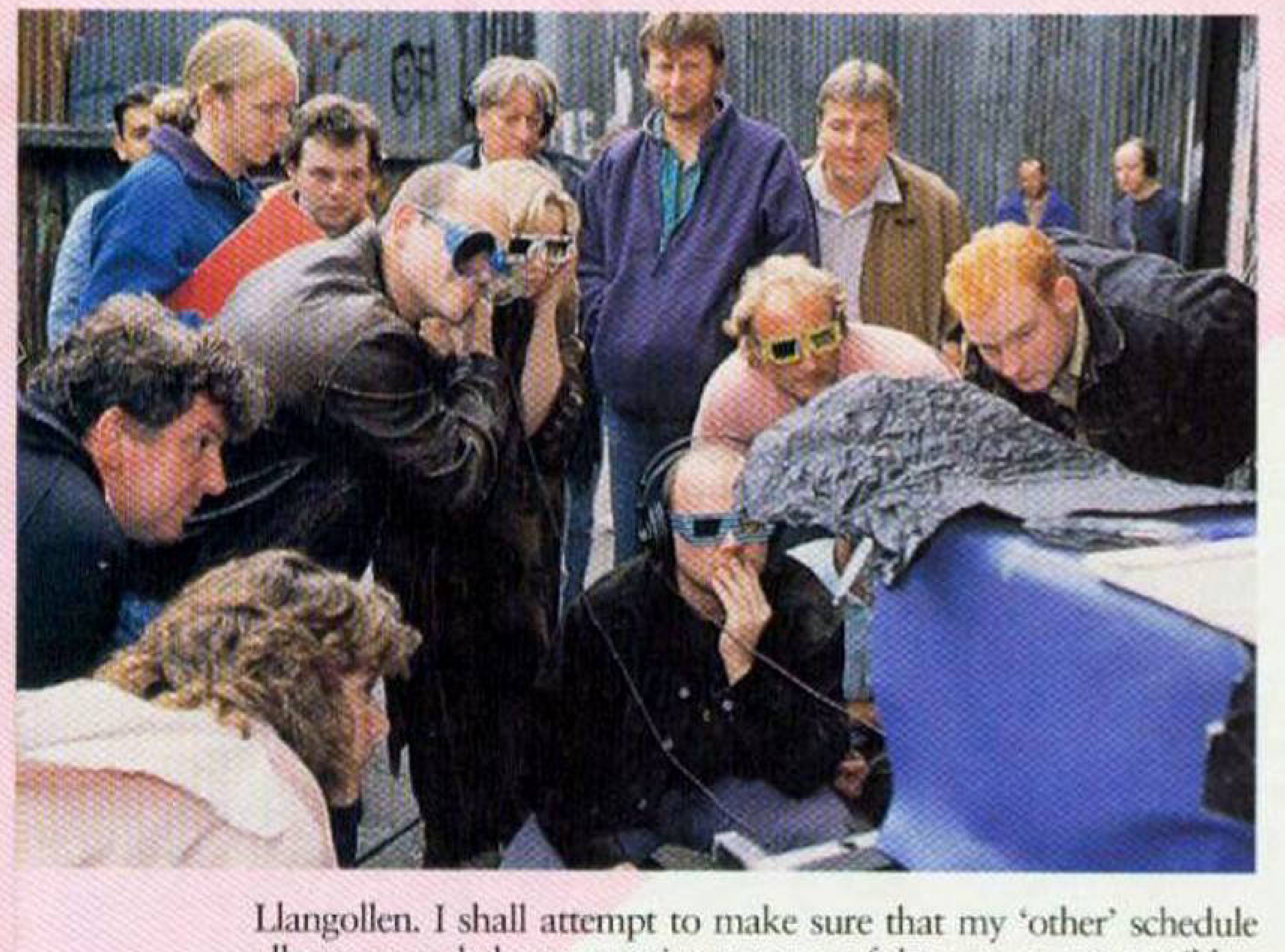
I genuinely don't mind if *Dimensions* doesn't feature in any documentation ever. I couldn't care less. We did the impossible!

EXHIBITIONS

More recently, my on-going involvement with both the Longleat *Doctor Who* exhibition and Experience Design and Management, run by Lorne Martin and Martin Wilkie, led to my being consulted with regard to Wales' Llangollen exhibition. This is far larger than Longleat and, after opening in the summer of 1995, it was extended and augmented last year. The siting of the exhibition and the enthusiasm of those that have visited it have resulted in a series of weekend breaks incorporating several *Doctor Who* celebrities. These have been highly interesting, intimate, and great fun.

On March 15th, the redesigned Longleat exhibition will be reopened after the ghastly fire of 1996. We're planning something special for the opening, plus another family fun day out (probably in August) along the lines of the Tom Baker/Cybermen extravaganza last year. Another auction of rare costumes and memorabilia will take place. In addition I've been asked to co-ordinate several weekends in Llangollen. I shall attempt to make sure that my 'other' schedule allows me to help to organise as many of these events as possible.

After writing these memoirs I feel genuinely purged.



Left: John and attendant celebs check the rushes for Albert Square sections of *Dimensions in Time*. Photo © BBC

But why did I get involved with such activities again?

I'd been disenchanted. I'd been depressed that people could be so regularly nasty. Yet I did miss the camaraderie of such events – and I don't just mean the friendship of my fellow guests. There were, and are, an awful lot of fans who liked my work – and many who didn't, but who were reasonably polite. It was a very vocal minority that drove me away; some who booed when I was introduced, a whole row of people who once read copies of *The Sun* during one of my talks, and people who wrote offensive letters under assumed names.

And yet my absence was noticed; it wasn't just fellow professionals who wrote, it was fans I knew and fans I didn't know. My religious beliefs helped too. I talked it over with Nick Courtney and the late Jon Pertwee, both of whom said: "Get back in there – we miss you!" Andrew Beech of DWAS/Dominitemporal Services continued to ask me to go to PanoptiCon, even though I repeatedly declined (which was so kind of him – he'll never know how kind!).

I'd like to mention a few other people who rallied around when my morale was low: most of the Doctors and companions, Sue Moore, Steve Mansfield, Mickey Tucker, and a few people whom I've known for years, but only by their Christian names: Andrew the barrister, Bill and family from Manchester, both Scottish Ians. To them, and all those others who know who you are – thanks.

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

I had a long-standing relationship with the magazine over many, many years, as adviser, contributor, and so on. And then, because I was no longer involved with the show proper, this association came to a natural end.

It was getting on for two years ago when, at a very splendid convention in Southampton, current editor Gary Gillatt approached me regarding writing these memoirs. He told me that fans were interested in hearing my point of view on the events of the eighties and early nineties, and this would be a chance to set the record straight

Writing these articles has been a challenge, never a chore (only twice, incidentally, have I delivered late, and I won't bore you with the reasons. In any case, I'd realised early on that Gary G does what I always did with deadlines – he has two sets of them!).

While writing these memoirs, I was approached by a representative of a national newspaper to elaborate on them, focusing on the more sensational and sleazy side of my producership. The amount of money I was offered was incredible! No, far more than *that*! However, I declined. I hope, dear reader, you will believe me when I say that I couldn't do that kind of thing. The temptation was there, but I resisted it; nevertheless, I accepted the temptation of an excellent, and fascinating, luncheon – but as to the rest of it, that's not my style.

To a certain degree I feel more at peace with myself and the whole *Doctor Who* phenomenon now.

As I've written these memoirs chapter-by-chapter, blow by bleeding blow, it is here at the end that I should pay my final tributes. Gary Gillatt has been straightforward about what he wanted me to write about, and I hope I respected and reacted to that. He has been supportive, persuasive – and only once have we had 'words' about a chapter. He saw my point of view, I saw his; we agreed to differ, then got on with the next instalment. Thanks to his encouragement and persuasion, I've got so many things off my chest that I feel genuinely purged.

A word of thanks here, too, to Gary's assistants, Scott and Alan – and, of course, Paul Vyse, who manages to lift out the most sensational of half-sentences as pull-out quotes, however cleverly I've tried to conceal them in my rhetoric! My only worry is that he has printed my signature so many times that I live in constant fear of losing my cheque book . . .

THE FUTURE

Very recently I wrote and produced a pilot for a new children's live action film series, *Big Step*, which stars none other than Tom Baker. It has been very well received. We hope to start production of a series of 13 episodes very shortly. A video that my own production company has made should be released by the time the next issue of this magazine is published, and a new sci-fi series for TV devised by David Roden and myself, entitled *ACTUAL Reality*, is also under consideration. I shall resist the opportunity to say "Stay tuned". (Oops.)

EPILOGUE

There will be no cliffhanger ending to this chapter. "It's the end, but the moment . . .", etc.

Thank you, dear reader, for your time, your letters, your encouragement and your patience. If you've enjoyed these memoirs, tell your friends – and tell them what they've missed!

John Nathan-Turner

Shelf Life

Dave Owen sifts through this month's stack
Of stories, both well-told and slack
Of Lungbarrow (missing)
The Malus (he's hissing)
And Frontios (under attack).

THE AWAKENING

At a party I attended to celebrate the return of *Doctor Who* to the screen last year, another of the guests laid on a quiz, part of which was a 'what happened next?' round in which we took turns to look at a video clip, and predict the outcome. The first clip to appear was from *The Awakening*, and showed the scene where the horse-drawn cart approaches a churchyard gate. The proffered answer was that the horse followed the actors through the gate, demolishing it in the process. The tape rolled on, and instead of the expected out-take, we saw the remainder of the story in fast-forward, the answer being "No, they go into the church, see that the Malus has grown in power and Sir George has gone completely mad, and the Doctor finally saves the day." A trick question, of course, but it demonstrates well how an off-cut has become rather more memorable than the story it was taken from.

Perhaps it deserves to be, since it ably demonstrates this Eric Pringle-scripted two-parter's greatest asset – its beautifully-photographed English country setting – and excludes its greatest shortcoming, namely thoughtless dialogue delivered mostly without any real care or conviction. If any *Doctor Who* story has been influenced by ITC's *Sapphire and Steel*, then it must surely be this one. It shares not only the other series' preoccupations with psychic energy and dangerous congruences being established between the past and present via triggers such as antique collection and historical re-enactment, but even its means to represent such anachronistic confusion (for example, the scene in the church where Peter Davison's Doctor hears, but doesn't see, the Civil War battle). The trigger here is a series of war games re-enacting the village of Little Hodcombe's part in the war of 1643. This isn't a 'deserted village' story like *The Android Invasion*, so the sparsity of villagers, especially early on, seems rather odd, but does contribute to the atmosphere which is beautiful but unquiet, even down to the cawing of crows on the soundtrack.

Director Michael Owen Morris seems to have concentrated his efforts on making *The Awakening* look good, but hasn't bothered to coach his cast terribly well. Admittedly, their raw material isn't up to much, being too often ungrammatical nonsense. Even when it makes sense, it's frequently clichéd, and many of the cast respond by performing as if they were in a send-up of the series – the worst offenders being Jack Galloway as local bully-boy Willow, who treats his lines with contempt and, surprisingly, Denis Lill as Sir George. Lill has demonstrated subtlety and versatility elsewhere, but here – perhaps inspired by a costume close to Disney's Captain Hook – acts as though propping up a sagging village pantomime. The best-realised character is young Will Chandler, projected through time from 1643; Keith Jayne easily outshines his colleagues (coping with difficult period dialogue and dialect, too).

***Frontios* has aged well in the 13 years since its transmission.**

Doctor Who usually retains an air of credible science fiction by having a scientist as its central character – someone who uncovers the truth via a gradual process of scientific deduction. This is completely absent from *The Awakening*; the Doctor simply blunders from one situation to another, discovering very little on the way. Whenever something untoward occurs, he glibly explains it away as 'psychic energy' or somesuch, typifying a story with very little substance to it indeed. It's pretty, but that's not enough; *Doctor Who* depends on meaning and conviction.

FRONTIOS

For all its shortcomings, *The Awakening* does at least have an impressive-looking monster in the Malus. This is, however, its single claim to superiority over the following story, *Frontios*, with which it appears in a BBC Video double-pack this month. Thankfully, *Frontios*' Tractators don't appear for the first two of its four parts; consequently, the story has 50 minutes to assert its hold before these creatures' ludicrous locomotion assaults the viewer's patience.

Writer Christopher H Bidmead's previous stories, *Logopolis* and *Castrovalva*, both contain some terrific set-pieces, but too many unacceptably absurd or trivial situations pad out their respective lengths. Only in this, his final contribution to the series, does he achieve a consistency – the plot unfolds gradually, sequentially, and meaningfully throughout. Unlike *The Awakening*, it's based, albeit loosely, on real science – and the writer has remembered that the Doctor is a scientist. Consequently, it's possible to appreciate, even second-guess, his investigation into events on *Frontios*, a remote outpost of humanity in the far future. Here, everything happens for a reason.

Frontios has aged well in the 13 years since its transmission; its studio-only setting depicts successfully not only *Doctor Who*'s staple murky tunnels, but also exteriors (these latter perhaps better than any other *Who* studio set has ever; the dark skies beneath which the TARDIS lands during a meteorite bombardment being particularly atmospheric). The story is also blessed with Bidmead's strongest set of characters, possibly because they're ordinary people, with jobs, relationships, strengths and weaknesses that are immediately identifiable, but also because they're simply well-written and realised, as comparison with *The Awakening* shows.

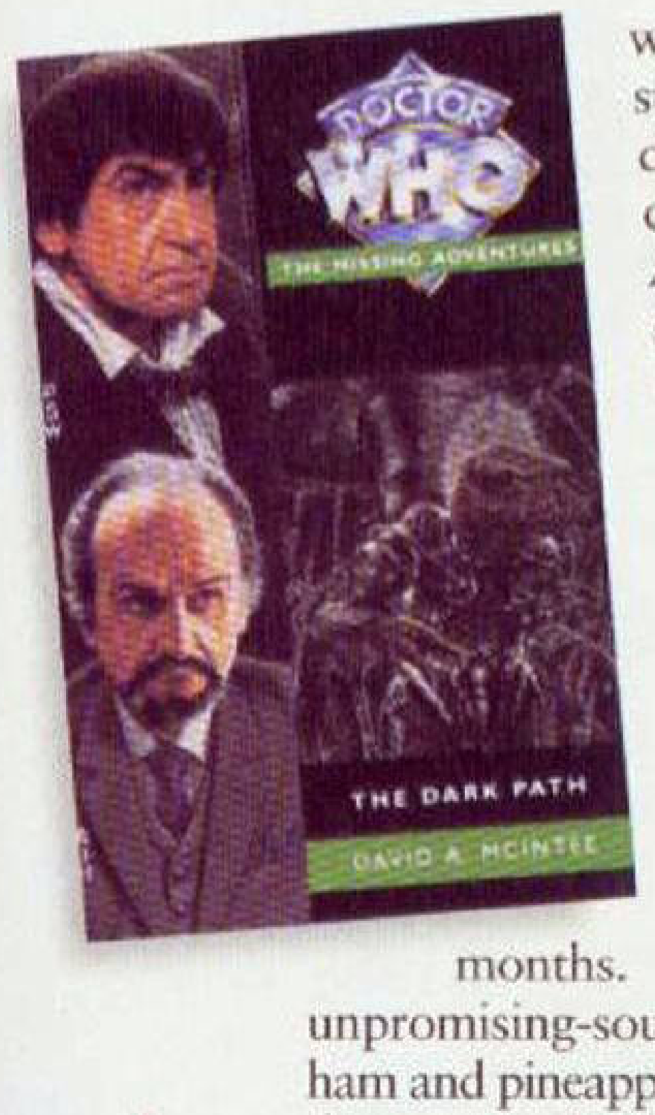
Take that perennial *Doctor Who* character, the powerful, paranoid authority figure whose job is to stubbornly obstruct the Doctor at every turn, and who may or may not be in league with the real villain. In *The Awakening*, it's Sir George, an uninteresting madman, but here we get Peter Gilmore's fiercely loyal Chief Orderly Brazen (I know 'fiercely loyal' is a cliché, but that's because it's so often true. And there's no smoke without fire, either) who doesn't have to be mad, evil, or even particularly self-motivated to get in the Doctor's way. He's just very good at his job, and this makes him at least 17 times more believable than Sir George.

There's a grandeur to *Frontios*' early episodes that's hard to quantify, but might have something to do with the classical tone of the dialogue – especially the stirring speeches delivered by the colony's new leader Plantagenet (a young Jeff Rawle, years before dropping dead donkeys became fashionable). Or perhaps it's because such a speech sounds twice as poignant delivered amid the wreckage of a crashed starship than aboard a working one. The last two episodes aren't quite so good; in Part Three, particularly, Mark Strickson unpardonably overplays Turlough's trauma, and composer Paddy Kingsland, unable to better the themes of the opening episodes, simply repeats them. Peter Davison, however, shines, giving his most dynamic performance as the Doctor, encompassing both bespectacled sage and excitable young cricket enthusiast.

This isn't the most effective story to feature the Fifth Doctor, but I now believe it to be his most effective appearance. It makes Peter Davison's wish that he had stayed on for another year after this all the more poignant.

THE DARK PATH

I would understand if seasoned readers of this column who, upon seeing the work of David A McIntee under review again this month, elected not to bother reading what *Shelf Life* had to say about him. I have, after all, been so consistently unenthusiastic about his literary output in the past that you'd be forgiven for thinking that in an earlier existence he regularly and gleefully enumerated my own shortcomings in public. I don't believe in reincarnation, but I do put my faith in redemption, a faith rewarded now by *The Dark Path* (ISBN 0 426 20503 0) – not only the first of David's novels to excite me, but also (if his foreword is to be believed) his final *Doctor Who* contribution, too.



That I so enjoyed this work is all the more surprising when the ingredients portend an utter disaster; it's a *Missing Adventure* featuring the second incarnation of the Doctor – thus far, the most elusive to evoke in print – plus the Master, appearing years before his on-screen debut, and set in the middle of the post-imperial chaos that has so dominated the *New Adventures*' future history over the last few months. Yet, like that other unpromising-sounding happy accident, ham and pineapple, the ingredients seem all the more authentic and interesting in proximity to one another.

The Dark Path
by David A McIntee

"It's all right gentlemen," a smooth deep voice said above her. "The lady is with me." It was Koschei.

Victoria wanted to weep with relief as he helped her to her feet. "I trust you're all right."

"Yes, I'm glad you stopped them –" Koschei held up a hand, and turned to the Adjudicators.

"You'd best return to your patrol. I have important work to do. Oh, and you can check that with Mr Terrel, if you so wish." They looked at each other, then nodded and returned to their flyer. As it took off, Koschei ushered a relieved Victoria into his TARDIS.

"You were very lucky that they believed you."

"Lucky?" Koschei shook his head. "It's a strange thing Miss Waterfield, but the more I practice, the luckier I seem to become."

That I so enjoyed *The Dark Path* is all the more surprising when the ingredients portend an utter disaster.

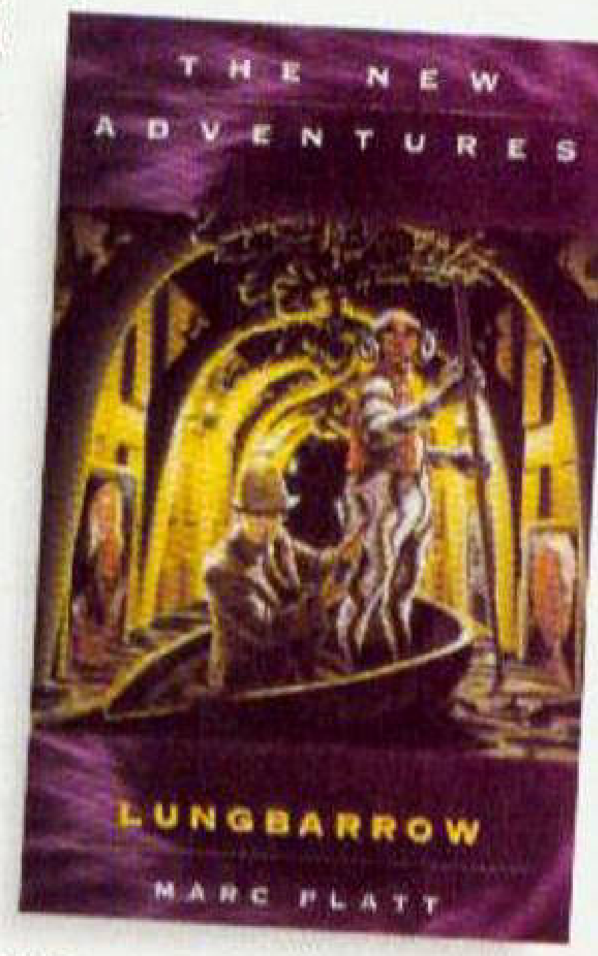
Specifically, no other *Missing Adventures* writer has come close to capturing the Second Doctor's mannerisms, but McIntee has them, if you will, off pat. The setting is an old Earth Empire colony settled on by Adjudicators hundreds of years earlier; the population are only dimly aware that the Empire has fallen and a new egalitarian federation has taken its place (think of a multi-racial UN expeditionary force today stumbling on a lost outpost of the British Raj, and imagine the culture shock they'd feel). All is, of course, not as it seems; this forgotten outpost has been keeping itself to itself for a reason, which excites the interest of one Koschei, a space and time traveller from the Doctor's own people.

Koschei is unmistakably the Master, as portrayed on television by Roger Delgado (although the character has yet to adopt either his title or, it would seem, the diabolical immorality he'd later exhibit; here, he's a more ambiguous wanderer, motivated by little more than a lust for knowledge). The author cannily exploits the informed reader's prejudices concerning the renegade, especially when he takes Victoria under his wing, emphasising well the companion's utter innocence in the shadow of such a threat. She seems more credible here than in her last *Missing Adventure* appearance (in Christopher Bulis' *Twilight of the Gods*) – and, as she explores the nonsensical geometry of the world in which she finds herself, it's impossible to avoid being reminded of Alice exploring Wonderland.

David comes perilously close to compromising his success by including a lengthy space battle sequence near the end, surely the literary equivalent of a 20-minute jazz drum solo – heaven to create, and hell to endure. But, to pursue the Blue Note metaphor, *The Dark Path* eclipses the author's earlier work because it's a faster medley of stronger themes.

LUNGBARROW

Within days of finishing *Lungbarrow* (ISBN 0 426 20502 2), I'm already thinking of it more fondly than I did while actually reading it. In this respect it models life's real adventures perfectly; when you're actually having them, they're disorientating and stressful ordeals, comprising unpredictable flashes of high excitement between long stretches when nothing much seems to be happening. Only later, when being retold, do they acquire dramatic coherency. I felt the same way about Marc Platt's first *New Adventure*, *Time's Crucible*. As Ace trudged for miles through a surreal wasteland that, it transpired, was the TARDIS turned inside out, I experienced her feeling that she was getting nowhere with a heartfelt empathy, and vividly shared her eventual relief when normality was restored. I find Platt's novels character-building in the same way as cross-country runs and cold showers.



Perhaps, *Lungbarrow* could be expected to be more entertaining, like *The Dark Path*, simply because of its content – its brief includes a return to the Doctor's ancestral home on Gallifrey, the writing of Chris Cwej out of the Doctor's life, and a lead-in to the Seventh Doctor's final screen appearance. None of these tasks are tackled half-heartedly.

It's obvious that the authors of the last few *New Adventures* to feature the Doctor have been knocking their heads together to ensure that their books build on each others. Chris has felt that his time accompanying the Doctor has been nearing an end over the last few books, but only in *Lungbarrow* does the reader realise how

Lungbarrow by Marc Platt

"Why is everything so big here?" said Chris. "I mean the house and all the furniture?"

Arkhew snuffled into his sleeve again. "It's the House," he said as if it was obvious. "Don't you have a home?"

"Yes, but it's not like this," said Chris. "We sit down on chairs. You have to climb up into them."

Arkhew looked bewildered. "I thought all houses were the same. It's when you leave home that you grow up. The furniture here is big to make you feel small."

This testimony seems genuine, and not just the polite eulogy frequently elicited directly following a showbusiness death.

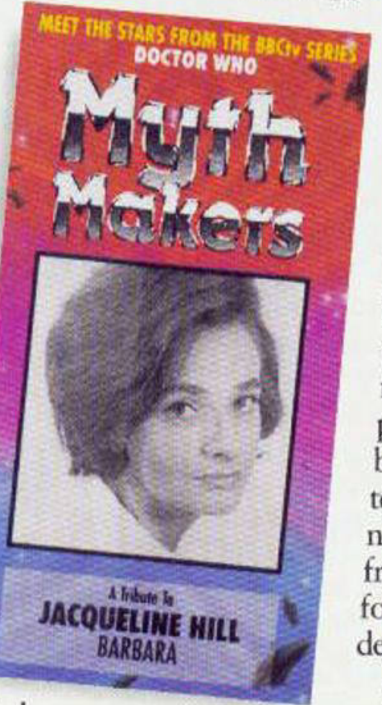
cleverly his departure has been incrementally developed. The *New Adventures* writers' pool isn't the only committee Marc is a member of, of course; he's one of the TV writers who contributed to Andrew Cartmel's so-called 'master plan' regarding Gallifrey's early history (and described in Lance Parkin's *A History of the Universe* in an appendix that is strongly recommended as preparatory reading for *Lungbarrow*). I'm dubious in the extreme about the wisdom of attempting to fill in exactly the origins and history of a civilisation whose greatest fascination in *Doctor Who* lore has been its very mystery, but at least Marc manages to do so with perfect consistency to what has gone before. Indeed, areas that I'd thought best left discreetly ignored, such as the consequences of a union between the Doctor's companion Leela, a human, and her chosen mate, the Gallifreyan Andred, are explored in full; to my amazement, a ludicrous plot development that began as a ruse by the TV series' producer to persuade the actress playing Leela not to leave has been turned into a pivotal event in the history of Gallifrey.

The sections of the book set in the Gallifreyan Capitol which feature familiar characters from the programme's past are the easiest to enjoy; the development of Leela, Andred, Romana, and K9 is consistent and fun. Also instantly recognisable is the familiar plot device whereby the Doctor is framed by a corrupt Gallifreyan administration for a crime he didn't commit. I begin to understand why the Doctor hates going home; more often than not, he's welcomed with a sentence of death.

The other main setting is the Doctor's family's house, Lungbarrow itself. Gabriel Chase, the gruesome dwelling in Marc's televised *Doctor Who* story, *Ghost Light*, looks like the Little House on the Prairie by comparison; Lungbarrow is an unsavoury and decrepit sentient madhouse, filled with the Doctor's cousins – and the indigenous fungus and rodents which they live off. Alas, I simply can't reconcile this Hammer horror-style existence with the ivory tower down the road.

There's a good deal of ingenuity in *Lungbarrow*, much of it no doubt lost on me entirely – but I don't have the patience to re-read the book making studious notes, as it seems to require. Maybe it explains the origins of the Doctor, and why he left Gallifrey with Susan; maybe it really explains whether she really *is* his grand-daughter or not. I can't be sure; the author chooses to hint, rather than explicitly state, what is happening, what did happen, and what will happen, despite giving the impression that he's quite sure himself.

Ultimately, then, *Lungbarrow* is rather more frustrating than rewarding. It's weird and wonderful – but, unfortunately, never simultaneously.



MYTH MAKERS 35
A TRIBUTE TO JACQUELINE HILL

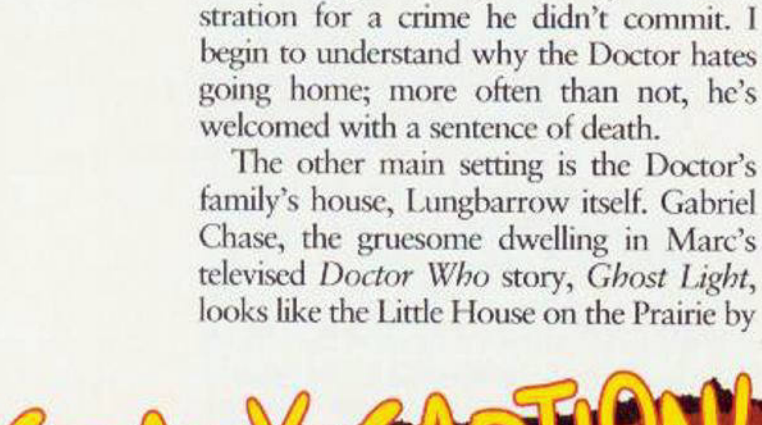
I have a hard time visualising the intended audience for Reeltime Pictures' *Myth Makers* series of interview videos. Although the material presented is all the more interesting for being delivered first-hand by the various interviewees, I can't imagine anyone ever wanting to watch them more than once (the most obvious criterion for purchasing a sell-through tape). On subsequent viewings, the subjects' natural pauses – and tendency to restate much-aired facts about both themselves and *Doctor Who* – would grate, reminding one that text, rather than video, is the natural format for reference material.

What interview footage there is in this tribute comes from low-band home video shot at Jacqueline Hill's sole convention appearance in 1985. Hill, the actress who portrayed First Doctor companion Barbara Wright, is polite, cautious and, we later learn, not enjoying herself very much – appearing only out of the goodness of her heart, an attribute stressed by the more recent interviewees paying tribute. A respectable time having passed since her death from breast cancer in 1993, this testimony seems genuine, and not just the polite eulogy frequently elicited directly following a showbusiness death.

As might be expected, existing *Myth Makers* interviewees Verity Lambert, Carole Ann Ford, and William Russell contribute reminiscences. A more surprising addition is self-confessed recluse Maureen O'Brien, giving what must be her only interview about *Doctor Who* to camera. However, the best subject is Jacqueline Hill's widower, Canadian television director Alvin Rakoff. A no-nonsense yet likeable man, he speaks eloquently, remembering his wife fondly but with no false sentiment.

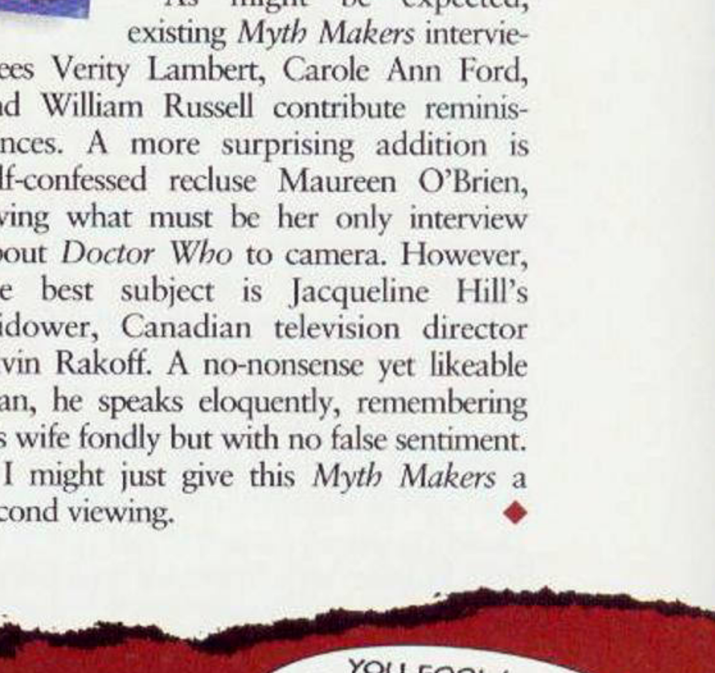
I might just give this *Myth Makers* a second viewing. ◆

CRAZY CAPTION!



Here's your chance to win one of five copies of Reeltime Pictures' latest *Myth Makers* release, *A Tribute to Jacqueline Hill*.

Simply devise an amusing snippet of speech to drop into the blank balloon in the picture above. The best five will win a video. The rest will be plastered with stick-on fur and deposited into the business end of a Charged Vacuum Emboitement (whatever that is). Send your entry on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope to **CRAZY CAPTION 249** at the editorial address on page three.


YOU FOOL! THE PRODUCER SAID I'D HAVE TO TAKE A CUT IN SALARY FOR THIS STORY!

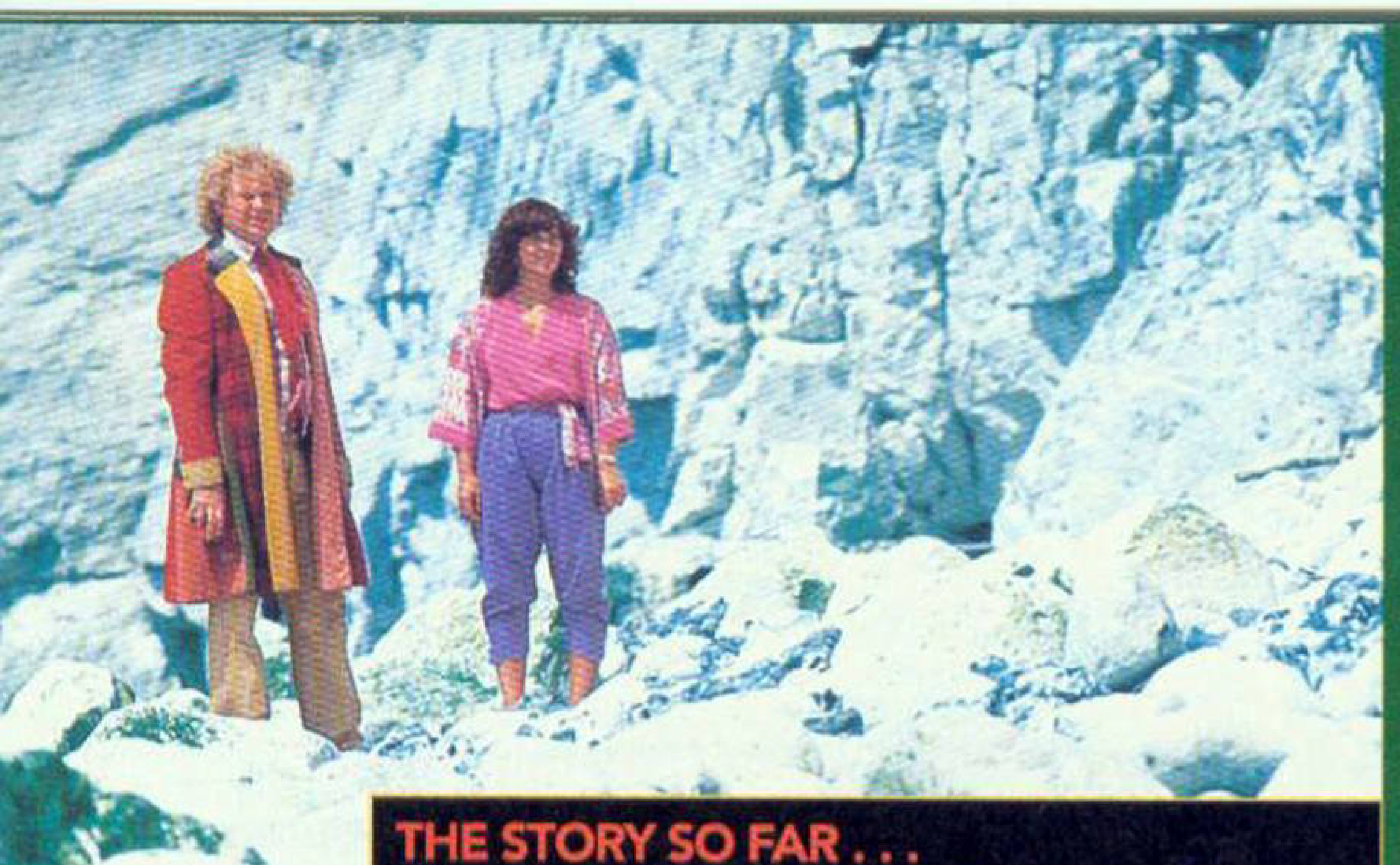
Crazy Caption 244 result

"The winner takes it all", sang part-bearded Swedish troubadours Abba way back when. How right they were – as reader **Ms A Gooding** of Norwich will observe. Her Crazy Caption (right) was plucked lustily from deep within an inverted floppy hat by Marvel's lovely Admin serf – Mrs Merton-soundalike and sometime-photographer Corrina (hereby anointed Official Ray of Sunshine™ to we three bureau-dwellers). The remainder, as usual, were distinctly poor. Meanwhile, we've been busily pondering a few categories omitted from our *Readers' Survey* back in **DWM** 247 (forms in by 6th March; there's still time). Consider, for example, Best Performance by a *Doctor Who* Extra. Gary nominates both the Possicar Delegate on Thoros-Beta and the transvestite typist in *Remembrance*; Paul, meanwhile, vacillates between that rubber-jointed Caretaker in *Paradise Towers* and *Marco Polo*'s Tutte Lemkow (but only 'cos he likes the name). They're both utterly wrong, *bien sur*: top prize in any sane listing surely goes to the squat Swampie with a moustache in Part Four of *The Power of Kroll* – who looks like a cross between one of Harry Enfield's Scousers and the Jolly Green Giant's less inposing nephew. It's true, I tell you.

DOCTOR WHO
ARCHIVE

The Trial of a Time Lord

Parts Five to Eight



THE STORY SO FAR . . .

Charged by his Time Lord peers with the crime of intervention in the affairs of other planets, the Sixth Doctor has been put on trial for his life. Inside a huge space station, the Doctor's adventures on the planet Ravalox have been culled from the Matrix and presented as evidence for the prosecution . . .

All photos © BBC Video

PART FIVE (drn: 24'42")

In the courtroom, prosecutor the Valeyard announces that he will next present the adventure on which the Doctor was actually engaged when taken out of time and brought before the court. The Time Lord jurors turn to face the court's Matrix screen . . .

The TARDIS materialises on a beach on planet Thoros-Beta in the late 24th century. The Doctor and companion Peri disembark; the Doctor has come to the planet to investigate the illicit supply of CD phaser weapons to the warlords of Thordon. Soon, he and Peri find a tide control room in some caves; while examining the machinery, the pair are attacked by a sea creature, the Raak, which appears to be operating the equipment. Accidentally, the CD phaser held by the Doctor discharges, killing the Raak; the Valeyard draws the court's attention to this.

The Doctor and Peri are captured by guards who assume them to be colleagues of a scientist named Crozier. They give the guards the slip and, in a dank tunnel, encounter the chained Lukoser, a man who has been forcibly mutated into a half-wolf. Hiding in the dark corridors, the Doctor and Peri see a procession of reptilian Mentors pass by – including Sil, a venture capitalist whom the pair first encountered on the planet Varos. The Doctor reveals that Thoros-Beta is the Mentors' homeworld. Sil and his superior, Lord Kiv, wish to negotiate with King Yrcanos of the Krontep – and are having human scientist Crozier conduct pacifying experiments on the barbarian warlord's brain. Crozier is concerned when he is told that the Raak has attacked someone, which suggests that the genetic alterations he had made to the sea creature had failed. Kiv suffers pains in his head, and orders Crozier to accelerate the operation which will save his life.

The Doctor and Peri are investigating Crozier's laboratory when Sil is carried in; they are captured. Crozier wishes to discover what happened to the Raak; the Doctor is attached to the brain impulse equipment used on Yrcanos to make him co-operative. Crozier activates the machine, and the Doctor screams . . .

PART SIX (drn: 24'45")

The power builds, but Yrcanos breaks free and wrecks the laboratory, escaping with both Peri and a disoriented Doctor. Since being attached to Crozier's machine, the Doctor's behaviour is erratic; in the courtroom, the Doctor claims to have no memory of following events. Yrcanos leads an attack on the induction centre where Alphan slaves are assessed for control implants, but the Doctor gives their presence away to Sil. Yrcanos and Peri flee – and the Doctor agrees to work with the Mentors, another action which the Doctor tells the court is false.

The Doctor offers to help Crozier to perfect the brain transference unit which might save Kiv, who has only days to live; his skull is now too small for his brain. In the tunnels, Yrcanos finds the Lukoser, whom he recognises as Dorf of Kanval, his equerry. Having disguised herself as an Alphan servant in the quarters of the Matrona Kani, Peri goes to serve the Mentors, intending to talk with the Doctor – but is exposed by the deranged Time Lord, and taken to the Rock of Sorrows where she is cruelly interrogated by him. The questioning is halted by Crozier, who orders the pair back inside; as the Doctor shepherds his companion back through the corridors, they are halted by Yrcanos and the Lukoser; the King seeks to wreak vengeance on the Doctor for his earlier act of betrayal. Yrcanos levels his phaser. "Now Doctor," he snarls, "it is your turn to die!"

PART SEVEN (drn: 24'33")

Peri deflects Yrcanos' aim and the Doctor escapes. Entering Crozier's laboratory, the Doctor assists with the transference of Kiv's mind from his old body into a new one, the corpse of a Mentor fisherman. The impulse transference is touch and go, but soon Crozier is able to inform Sil that Kiv's mind now inhabits a new body. While Kiv recovers, the Doctor aids Sil with his dubious business transactions. However, complications arise with Kiv's new body; Crozier and the Doctor battle to stabilise the transference.

Peri, Yrcanos and Dorf encounter the Alphan slave resistance movement led by Tuza, who agrees that his men will fight the Mentors alongside Yrcanos, and mobilises his forces. The group go to their weapons dump, only to find there has been a rockfall in the cavern – and Betan guards are waiting to ensnare the rebels.

In the trial room, the assembled jurors watch as Yrcanos, the Lukoser, Tuza and Peri are gunned down by the guards. The Doctor refutes the Valeyard's allegation that he is responsible for these events. "In your mind, perhaps not – but in reality, it is somewhat different," sneers his grim prosecutor . . .

PART EIGHT (drn: 24'44")

The Valeyard reveals that Peri and company are not actually dead, and continues to present his evidence.

Crozier confirms to Sil that Kiv will be able to attend negotiations with the ambassador from Possicar, but that another new body must be found for him as soon as possible. Tuza is taken to the slave induction centre for implantation, while Peri is imprisoned with Yrcanos and Dorf. Crozier is keen to use Peri's body as the next host for Kiv's mind; the Doctor protests. Running to the induction centre, he halts Tuza's implantation and helps to release both Yrcanos and the Lukoser; Peri, it transpires, has already been taken to Crozier. Tuza is released, and the Doctor determines to remove the mind control of the Alphan slaves.

The Lukoser is killed in a skirmish, but the Doctor's party succeed and remove the slaves' mind control. The slaves run amok, causing chaos. In the laboratory, Peri is strapped down, her head shaved; Kiv's mind is transferred to her body. Hurrying to her rescue, the Doctor is drawn into the TARDIS when it suddenly materialises in a tunnel – this being the moment that the Time Lords took him out of time, and brought him to the space station where he is held on trial. The Inquisitor reveals that this was a desperate measure taken by the High Council to halt Crozier's experiments, which have granted the scientist the key to immortality.

The horrified court watches on as Yrcanos and Tuza, frozen in a temporal bubble and then released when the time is right, are used by the Time Lords as assassins. They destroy Crozier, his equipment – and Yrcanos then turns his weapon on Peri/Kiv. The Doctor refutes the Valeyard's allegation that Peri died because he abandoned her: "I was taken out of time for another reason . . . and I have every intention of finding out what it is!"

The Trial of a Time Lord

Screenplay extract by Philip Martin

The Doctor's companion, Peri, having had the monstrous alien Kiv's mind transferred into her body, has been killed by King Yrcanos, who has unwittedly acted as the Time Lords' assassin. In the trial room, the Doctor watches on, horror-struck.

DOCTOR: You killed Peri?
INQUISITOR: We had to act. With the discovery that Crozier had made, the whole course of natural evolution throughout the universe would be affected.
VALEYARD: But Peri died, Doctor, because you abandoned her. We had to end her life because your negligence had made it impossible for her to live.
DOCTOR: Lies! There's something else going on here. The High Council had no right to order Peri's – or anyone else's – death!
INQUISITOR: Please, Doctor . . .
DOCTOR: No. I was taken out of time for another reason . . . and I have every intention of finding out what it is!

PRODUCTION

After his *Doctor Who* debut, Season Twenty-Two's *Vengeance on Varos*, had been recorded during summer 1984, writer Philip Martin was invited to pen another two-part story for the following season by producer John Nathan-Turner and script editor Eric Saward; the team were keen to reuse Martin's *Vengeance on Varos* villain, Sil, played by Nabil Shaban. Late in 1984, Martin set to work developing a storyline initially titled *The Planet of Storms*, and later *Mission to Magnus*.

Martin had produced first draft scripts by February 1985 when transmission of the planned Season Twenty-Three was postponed for 18 months; until that point, *Mission to Magnus* had been a likely candidate for the season's third serial, and was slated to be directed by *Vengeance on Varos*' Ron Jones. All the 45-minute Season Twenty-Three scripts were eventually abandoned; Martin later adapted his draft scripts in the paperback novel *Doctor Who – Mission to Magnus*, which was published by Target Books in June 1990 as part of their *Missing Episodes* series.

MISSION TO MAGNUS

In Philip Martin's *Mission to Magnus* scripts, the Doctor encounters an exiled Sil on the female-dominated world Magnus. The production team had suggested Martin's scripts include the Ice Warriors, militaristic Martians who were last seen in 1974's *The Monster of Peladon*; here, the Ice Warriors are burrowing into the planet's ice cap to alter the climate and thus make Magnus suitable for colonisation. Martin also created a new villain in Andor, a Time Lord whom the Doctor recalls had bullied him at school.

Work on the revamped Season Twenty-Three had commenced with a meeting between its production team and its intended writers on Tuesday 9th July 1985 at the BBC's Threshold House; joining Nathan-Turner and Saward were Martin, *Doctor Who* veteran Robert Holmes, plus newcomers David Halliwell and Jack Trevor Story. The season's fourteen 25-minute episodes were to see the Doctor on trial; in a scenario akin to Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, events depicting the Doctor's past, present and future would comprise the trial's 'evidence'. Holmes was to write four episodes set in the past, Martin four set in the present, and then Halliwell and Story two each, both of which would be set in the future; Holmes would provide the season's two-part wrap-up. The need to avoid depicting graphic violence – for which Season Twenty-Two had been much criticised – was stressed. The writers were given character breakdowns of three new regular characters: the prosecuting Valeyard, the court's presiding Inquisitor, and new companion Mel.

A new companion was required because of the planned mid-season departure of actress Nicola Bryant, who played Peri, the Sixth Doctor's sidekick. Bryant had found the series' hiatus difficult; despite some theatre work, she felt her options limited by her *Doctor Who* association. It was decided that Peri should exit in the final episode of Martin's storyline; a daring decision was taken to kill the character off. Bryant was pleased with the scripts; she had wanted Peri to have a noteworthy finale.

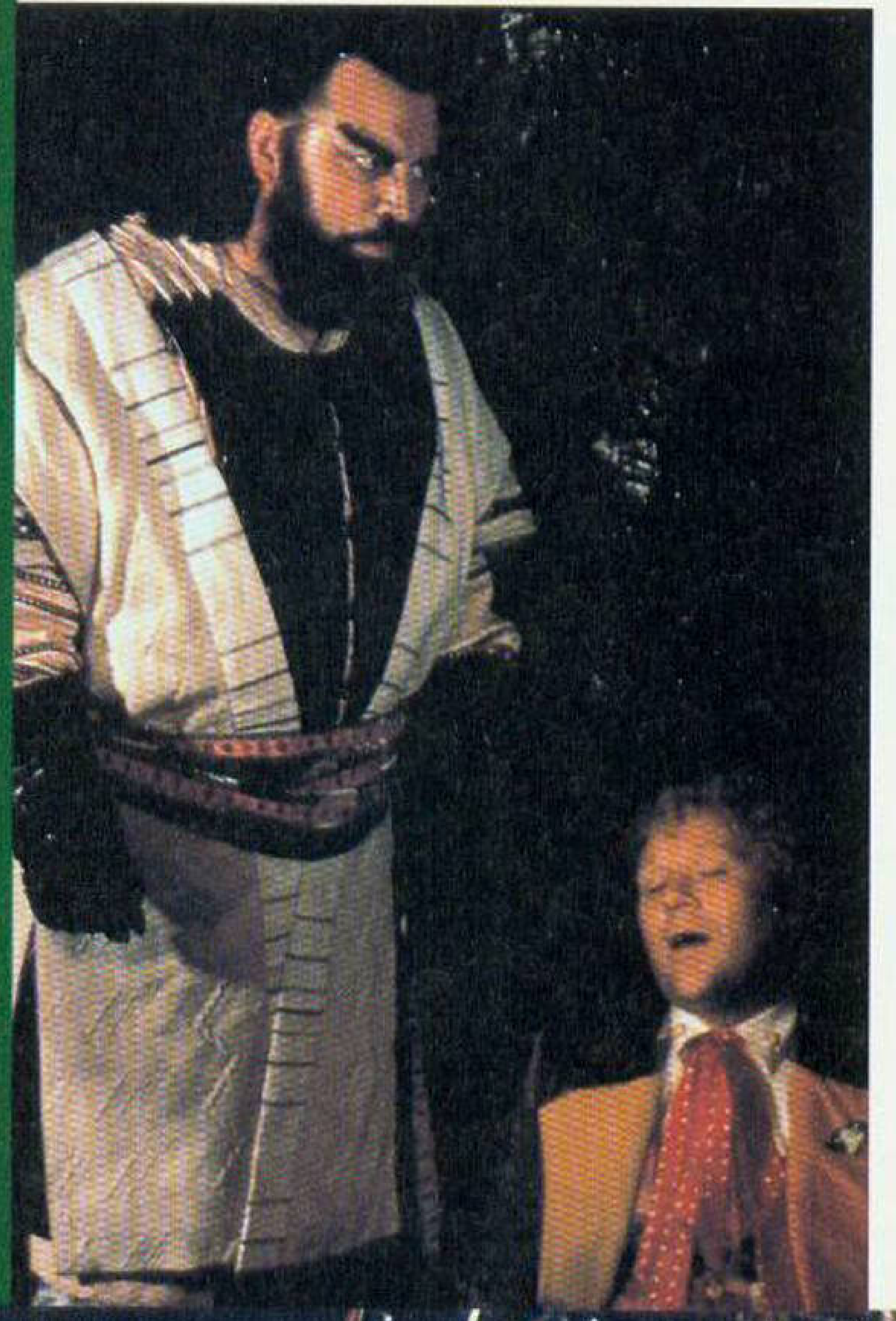
Martin developed another Sil storyline, this time set on the villain's home world, Thoros-Beta, which had been mentioned in *Vengeance on Varos*; an early working title for the serial was *The Planet of Sil*. Martin worked out a detailed rationale for Sil's people, the Mentors, an alien élite who used another race as slaves. Their planet having no natural resources, the Mentors survived by investment – manipulating the universal stock market, and making dubious arms exports to war-torn worlds. In addition, the Mentors tampered with their biology to extend their lives; the original storyline placed a heavy emphasis on the Mentors as a mutated race in different stages of development (those whose brains had developed most had least mobility). In the rehearsal scripts, Martin described them as "mutated aliens

REWRITES PART SIX

The scripts were doctored further on Thursday 1st May, notably to extend the under-running Part Six. Sil gained a short comic scene admonishing the guards, and Peri's remarks concerning Earth's "mad warriors and over the top actors playing at being president" were expanded. Further dialogue was added to both the conversation between Sil and Kiv in Crozier's lab, and the discussion between Kiv and the Matrona in Kiv's Profit Room.

of similar race to Sil. All are slightly different in that some can walk, some can hobble and limp but at least two others apart from Sil need to be carried on their water tanks by bearers."

Martin's scripts, written during autumn/winter 1985/1986, bore the working title *Mindwarp*. Martin had deliberately inserted a number of comedic elements – much humour, for example, came from Sil's inability to understand how to handle his power – and was amazed when Saward subsequently removed much of this. Saward also insisted on new characters being added to the reoriented plot.



By January, Martin's storyline was confirmed as the season's second serial; Ron Jones was approached to direct it. Jonathan Powell, the BBC's Head of Series and Serials, made his comments on the first seven scripts to Nathan-Turner and Saward on Monday 24th February; he felt that, although Martin's first three scripts had a lot going for them, the four Holmes scripts, *The Mysterious Planet*, required rewrites. This was a great blow to the morale of the production team. Meanwhile, Holmes had fallen ill; Saward's contract had expired, and he took a period of leave which would allow him to work Holmes' Part Fourteen storyline into a finished script on a freelance basis.

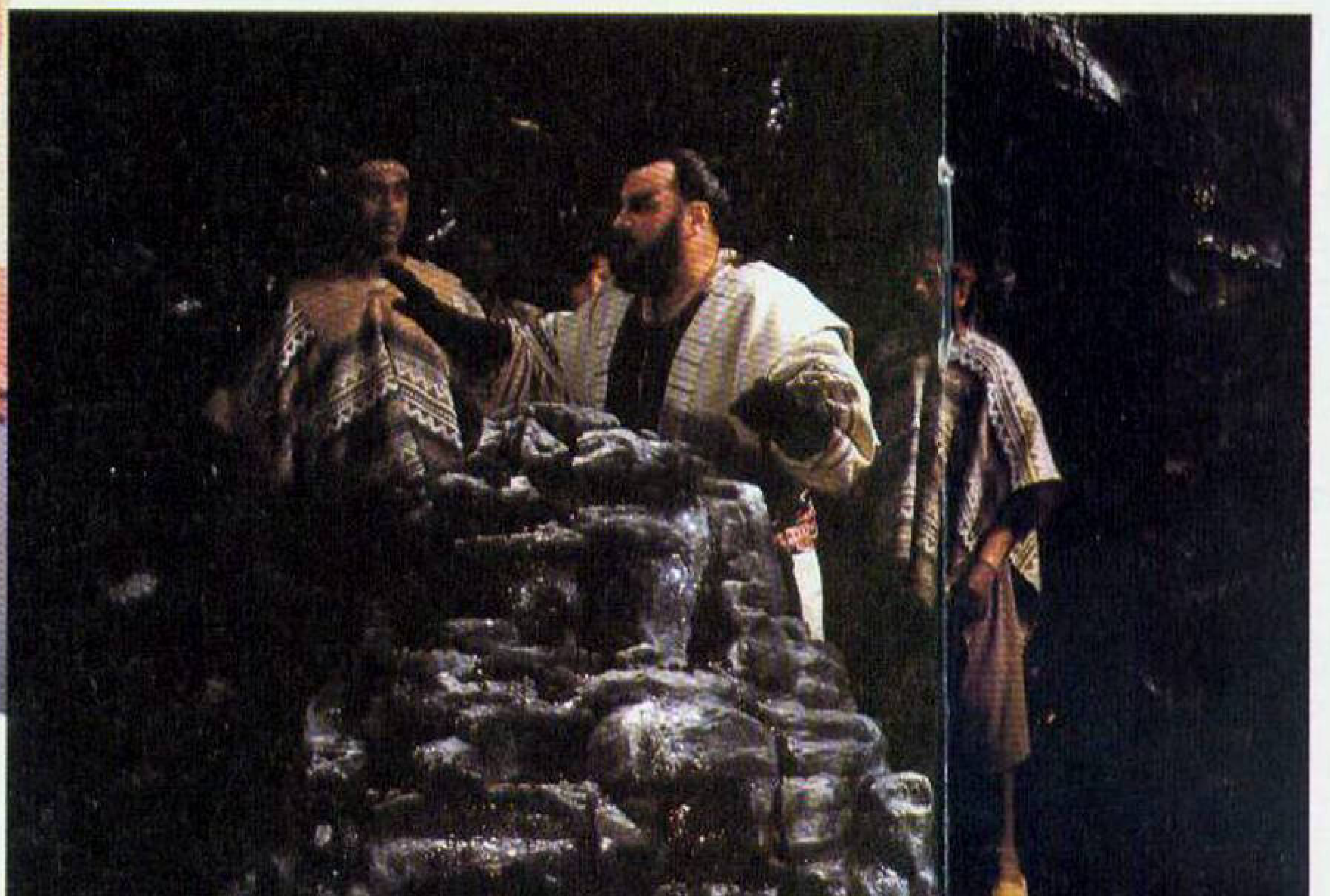
Martin's scripts maintained continuity to Holmes' preceding four episodes; Part Five's script specified that the serial should open with an establishing model shot of the Space Station where the trial was taking place and, in keeping with Holmes' Part One rehearsal script, indicated that the Space Station "continues to be bombarded by the electrical storm" (an element which was lost from both serials). Directions in Part Eight indicated that, after the TARDIS had left Thoros-Beta, it should be seen spinning down the white shaft of light as per the first scene of the season's first episode. In addition, there were numerous references to the evidence supposedly missing from the adventure depicted in the preceding four episodes.

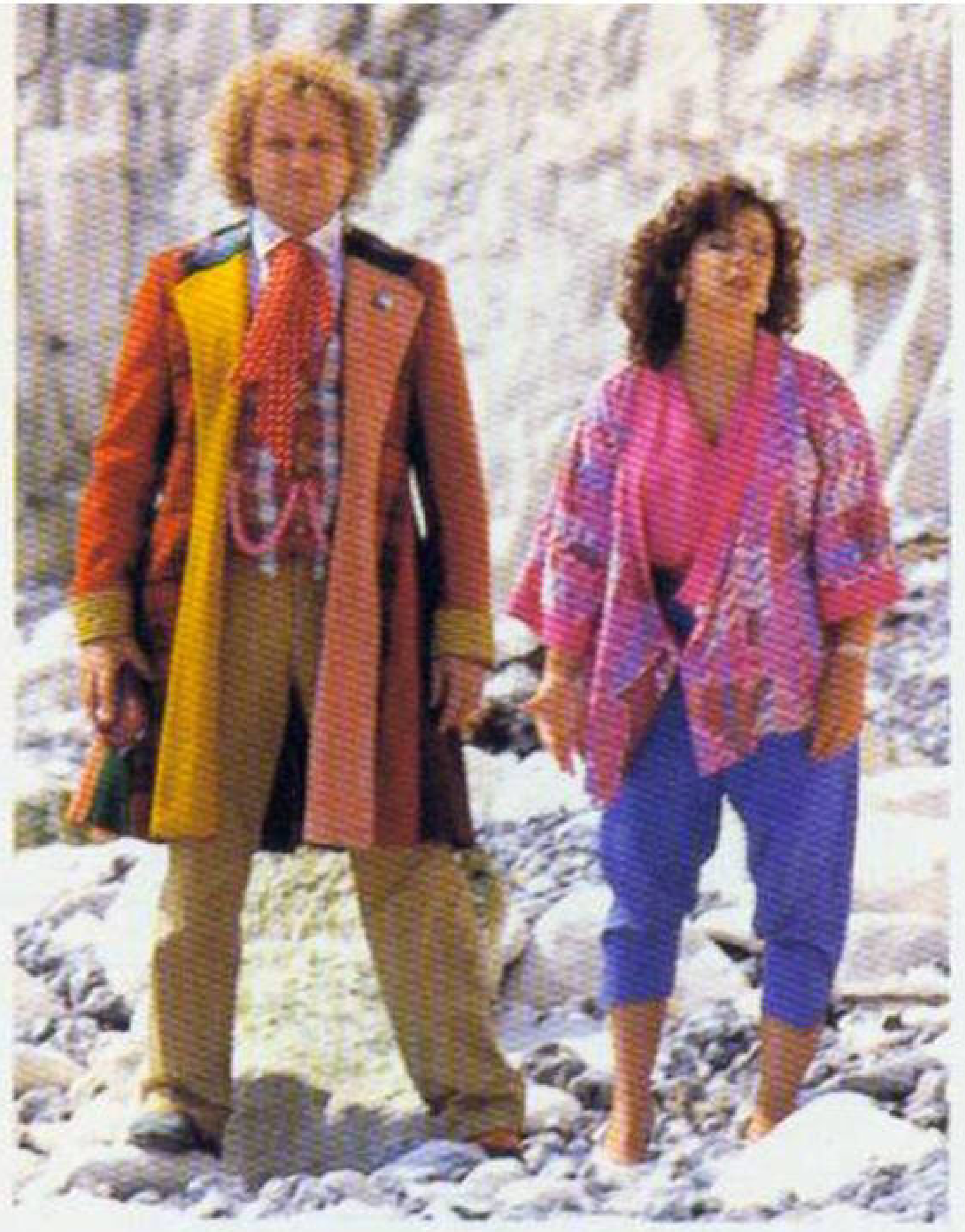
The transmitted serial would diverge from the original scripts at several points. In the scripted Part Five, Peri complains that she is wet on leaving the seabound TARDIS; the effect of the CD phaser on the rock was to make it melt, then explode; the arrival of the Raak was heralded by "a scuttling sound" before "a suckered arm with a crablike pincer hand closes around Peri's waist". (In addition, the Raak had a "glistening green and speckled arm", "a fearsome green head" and was meant to trigger the alarm klaxon by pulling a wall handle.) Martin commented in his script that the corridors beyond the cave should change from rock into something more 'high-tech'.

Part Five's script would also see Crozier, bending over Yrcanos, catch his coverall on a jeweled dagger and remark, "Barbarians!"; where the Doctor and Peri find themselves caught between the Lukoser and the guards, the Doctor points out a shallow fold in the wall that they might be able to squeeze into; on seeing Sil pass by, the Doctor says "Never did like meeting old enemies". Kiv, the Chief Mentor, was "a being akin to Sil, but comprising a huge head, with evidence of surgery, and a tapering body without legs that gives him a tadpole appearance". The script also suggested that Kiv's profit room would house a third Mentor ("another variant of the mutated amphibian species to which the Mentors belong").

Yrcanos' escape at the start of Part Six would be changed: "Yrcanos then uses a length of flex with a transformer box attached which he whirls as a weapon to clear a way to the door". In the courtroom, after the Doctor is seen to betray Yrcanos, the Time Lord claims to be suffering a "displacement of reason". In the rehearsal scripts, the cliffhanger to Part Six came at the Doctor's interrogation of Peri on the Rock of Sorrows: "The Doctor raises his arm as if to strike down at Peri. Close up on the Doctor's angry manic face". At the start of Part Seven, when Crozier orders the Doctor to stop, he replies: "I won't kill her. Just a little assault and battery to help her memory."

In the same episode, a "coffin-like structure" on the operating table in Crozier's lab contains "a replica of Kiv" (originally this other body was green, later changed to "mud-coloured"). When Tuza and his men capture Yrcanos' party, the Alphans emerge from a pair of secret panels in the corridor walls which led to rock passages.





Early in spring 1986, with rehearsal scripts for Serial 7B now completed, Nathan-Turner and Saward were, allegedly, increasingly at loggerheads. Saward was disappointed by the first two scripts for Pip and Jane Baker's *The Ultimate Foe* that he'd read on his return to start his new contract, and – after a period of absence – left the production team in mid-April 1986. The show's star, Colin Baker, recalls an attempt to discuss the *Mindwarp* scripts with Saward prior to production; the actor was keen to discover if the Doctor's harsh treatment of Peri was an indication of the interference with the Matrix, a ruse, or simply that Crozier's brain equipment had unbalanced the Doctor. He found Saward, like the rest of the team, unable to explain what the narrative meant. Saward was uncertain about allowing the use of his final episode – it did not fit in with the more upbeat ending that Nathan-Turner required – and left the series; Nathan-Turner himself script-edited material delivered by the Bakers and performed rewrites on both *The Mysterious Planet* and *Mindwarp*. (By now, all fourteen episodes went under the single title *The Trial of a Time Lord*.)

SCRIPTING THOROS-BETA

The setting of the serial was given as "Thoros-Beta. Twenty-fourth century. Last quarter, fourth year, seventh month, third day" – and the planet itself was "a depressing sight, with its purple, green, pink and blue surface totally clashing in colour contrast" (Thoros-Alpha, meanwhile, was "a smaller, but more attractive sandy coloured planet"). Martin's description of Thoros-Beta was very detailed: "an enormous range of craggy, purple mountains that thrust menacingly into a bright green sky . . . the peaks are without snow. On their lower slopes grow strange, yet magnificent creepers and plants. Along the edge of the beach grow huge, twisted trees devoid of leaves. Scattered around . . . are large lumps of lava-like, multi-coloured rocks. Lapping the beach is a pink sea. Everything we see should be as alien and as unreal as possible".

Production on Parts Five to Eight proceeded apace. Director Jones came to work on the serial from a stint on soap opera *Crossroads*; both costume designer John Hearne and set designer Andrew Howe-Davies were new to the series; make-up was handled by Dorka Nieradzik, who had supervised various serials since *The Leisure Hive*; special effects were designed by Peter Wragg, who had previously worked on both *The Visitation* and *Resurrection of the Daleks*. An early upset occurred when two days' location recording, planned for mid-May, were delayed until after the two studio sessions.

Changes were made to Martin's rehearsal scripts before production began. In the Tide Control Room scene at the start of Part Five, the Doctor's speech about extracting energy from the sea was extended to encompass remarks concerning mankind's ignorance of 'green' technologies – and his "cost me a fortune in birdseed" quip, referring back to events in *Vengeance on Varos*, was added. In Part Seven, dialogue between Peri and Yrcanos – in which she talks about returning to the TARDIS, and he says that he can lead the Alphans – was replaced by a dialogue about Yrcanos' destiny, and why he should die a hero. A scripted scene at the weapons dump had Yrcanos tickling Peri under the chin, saying "You and I shall find a pleasing way to spend the time awaiting the arrival of our friend's warriors" – to which she'd retort, "Wanna bet!"

Part Seven also lost the end of a court scene: the Valeyard again says that he feels his case has been proven, and that the Doctor should forfeit his current and future lives for his crimes on Thoros-Beta. Part Eight stressed further that Kiv's new body had been that of a fisherman, and the meeting which Kiv had to attend was originally a summit meeting of all the Mentors on Thoros-Beta (in the laboratory, Kiv's comments would be influenced by the fisherman's memory – "Have my briefing tapes and expansion strategy options been baited?" – and he'd threaten to use his new sting on Sil). The meeting scene was rewritten to feature an alien delegate, rather than having other Mentors carried in. At the Induction Centre, the Doctor would have promised the Mentor that he'd be "as silent as a Voltrox stalking its prey"; his original evaluation of Sil to Tuza was, "He has a very high opinion of himself. And constantly munches marsh minnows . . . What's more, his opinions are as fishy and smelly as his eating habits".

On Thursday 8th May, Nathan-Turner issued Serial 7B's Early Warning synopsis, which promoted the return of "galactic slug, Sil", the introduction of "the race of 'Mentors' – excellent monsters", noted that these were Peri's last episodes and that the serial's guest stars included Brian Blessed, Christopher Ryan, Nabil Shaban and Patrick Ryecart.

Rehearsals began in mid-May; Nabil Shaban – who had been both booked and paid for *Mission to Magnus*, although he'd never seen the script – re-viewed *Vengeance on Varos* to re-create Sil, and noted that the character was now written in a more comical and cowardly vein. Playing King Yrcanos was Brian Blessed, hired to give a bloodthirsty performance akin to his recital of King Richard IV in comedy series *The Black Adder*; Blessed had found fame as Fancy Smith in *Z Cars*, and had featured in *The Three Musketeers*, *Arthur of the Britons*, *I, Claudius*, movies such as *Flash Gordon* and had then just completed work on *John Silver's Return to Treasure Island*. Early in August 1983, several newspapers – including the *Daily Express* – had wrongly claimed that Blessed would be replacing then Doctor Peter Davison in the title role; this stemmed from a joke which Blessed had made while visiting the *Doctor Who* exhibition in Blackpool (in fact, he had no desire to commit to another long-running series after *Z Cars*). Kiv was played by Christopher Ryan, a diminutive Canadian best known for his role as Mike, self-proclaimed "cool person", in groundbreaking comedy *The Young Ones*. Patrick Ryecart, who'd starred in the BBC's *Romeo and Juliet*, was cast as Crozier; he'd later feature in *The High Life*. In supporting roles were Gordon Warnecke, star of Stephen Frears' much-acclaimed *My Beautiful Launderette*; Alibe Parsons, meanwhile, had featured in both *Space: 1999* and in Martin's offbeat thriller series *Gangsters*.

Over the weekend of Saturday 24th May, immediately before recording began, Baker attended a convention in Norwich, while Nathan-Turner guested at an event in New Jersey. That same weekend, Robert Holmes passed away peacefully in Stoke Mandeville hospital.

Taping on Serial 7B commenced in BBC Television Centre studio TC1 between Tuesday 27th and Thursday 29th May; camera scripts were marked "*The Trial of a Time Lord* (*Mindwarp* W/T [working title])". Recording was scheduled to run from 7.30 to 10.00pm each evening, with an afternoon session between 2.30 and

SCRIPTING CHARACTERS

Philip Martin's rehearsal scripts differed from the televised version in several respects. The character in charge of the female slaves was "Matrona Kana" ('matrona' being Latin for 'mother'); King Yrcanos was "a bearded, fierce looking man, and wearing dyed hides, studs and much gold inlay on his breast plate"; Crozier was an "intense sometimes testy man in his mid-thirties"; Dorf was "A man covered in patches of fur . . . The Lukoserman looks up, opens his mouth exposing large canine teeth. A bloodfreezing throaty wolflike growl springs from his throat". The script made great play of the Lukoser's stammer when speaking, most of which was abandoned during recording. The Alphans, meanwhile, who wore "Djellaba-style cloaks", were referred to as "a human species, carefully uneducated".

6.00pm on all but the first day of each block. The first evening's recording centred on scenes in the Crozier's Laboratory set which featured either Kiv in his first body (the second body, initially seen as a dummy, was referred to as Kiv II) or Peri prior to being shaved at the climax of Part Eight. (Among the set's dressings was a replica of the 'chest-burster', from the seminal 1979 film *Alien*, held in a jar.) A couple of corridor scenes for Part Five were due to be recorded at the end of the evening.

A number of scenes scheduled for Tuesday 27th were held over to the next afternoon. The original plan for Wednesday 28th was to start by completing scenes in Crozier's Laboratory involving Kiv II and the bald Peri, and then record the Part Eight scenes in Kiv's Chamber for which required Ryan as Kiv II. Part Eight's corridor scenes would then be recorded, followed by the remaining scenes in Kiv's Profit Room, thus releasing both Ryan and Ryecart on the second evening. However, as it transpired, both actors would be needed for a further day. Work was extremely slow, and by evening the final laboratory scenes had still to be recorded. The pace of the production was not helped by a plan to change the lighting for the corridor sets at regular intervals to give the impression that each set-up comprised a different area. During recording of Peri's death scenes, Nathan-Turner stopped the relay of studio work to the observation galleries, and closed the studio. Bryant wore a bald skullcap for her final scenes, and her voice was modulated like Kiv's. The final lab scene required several sections of the set to explode; visual effects provided the hand-held CD weapons, the ends of which illuminated pink when 'fired'. Industrial unrest by some studio staff contributed to the difficulties faced by Jones; also on Wednesday 28th, material for a documentary feature on the series was being recorded by a crew from French TV station TF1.

COSTUME THE MENTORS

Budgetary restrictions required Nabil Shaban to repeat the long and painful experience of wearing the whole two-part foam body made for him two years earlier by Charles Jeanes; again, summer heat caused him great discomfort. However, a new head – with more neck frills – was constructed from a softer, more flexible prosthetic foam, which proved more comfortable. Christopher Ryan submitted to having a body cast done for his Kiv costumes – which also formed the two other Mentor costumes briefly glimpsed in the serial – and also a face cast made for the dummy body of "Kiv II". Ryan, and the other able-bodied Mentor actors, performed either with their legs strapped up underneath them, or were placed on surfaces through which their legs could protrude out of view; their legs could not fit into the sting of the costumes. The Mentors were given green translator boxes which flashed randomly on their chests, and their voices were modulated in studio.

The plan for Thursday 29th had been to tape the sequence set in the Matrona's chamber (a redress of Kiv's room), the scenes in the Cave/Tide Control Room and adjoining corridor, plus the cell scenes for Parts Seven and Eight. The afternoon session, however, centred almost solely on the scenes set in Kiv's Chamber featuring Kiv II. These scenes included the appearance of the Possicar delegate; for this, Wragg adapted a Terileptil mask from 1982 serial *The Visitation*. It was worn by actor Deep Roy, who'd played malevolent midget Mr Sin in 1977's *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*. Post-*Vengeance on Varos*, confectioners Trebor had manufactured a new type of sweet, Marshminnows (after the 'delicacy' devoured by Sil in the earlier story). These sweets were put into the green slime of the Marshminnows; Shaban found these revolting. Kiv's Profit Room had a blank wall onto which both filmed sequences and slides (reading "SEARCH CONV CorP CREDIT") would later be added.

The evening session picked up the remainder of the previous day's scheduled Kiv scenes; cast and crew then proceeded with the cave and Tide Control Room sequences. The scene in the Matrona's Chamber was dropped, there being no time to redress the set; as a result, Alibe Parsons had to be hired for an extra studio day in the second block. The cave scenes were the first to require Thomas Branch under an extensive make-up as The Lukoser. Even after a 15-minute extension, only eight full scenes from that day's schedule had been completed.

At rehearsals for the second studio session, Valeyard Michael Jayston and Inquisitor Lynda Bellingham rejoined the regular *Trial* cast. On Wednesday 4th June, Eric Saward withdrew permission for his Part Fourteen script to be amended by Nathan-Turner; a replacement was requested from Pip and Jane Baker, writers of Parts Nine to Twelve, whose Part Fourteen script would aver that Peri had not, in fact, died at the end of Martin's storyline – but lived happily ever after with Yrcanos. Some Part Eight dialogue was dropped in rehearsals: originally, when Yrcanos tells the Doctor that he must find his bride-to-be, the Doctor asks the King if Peri is yet aware of his nuptial intentions. "That is unimportant," bellows Yrcanos. "As a mere woman, she is like a castle – to be taken by storm! Her consent is unnecessary." Warns the Doctor: "Metaphorical castles are often very difficult to take – especially when called Perpaguillian [sic] of the Brown . . ."

The second recording session ran between Wednesday 11th and Friday 13th June in studio TC6. Planned first for Wednesday 11th were the scenes held over from the first recording block: the scene in the Matrona's Chamber, the entrance of which was then redressed for the other remounted scenes on the cell set. By now, it appears that the cliffhanger to Part Six had been changed, and had now become a scene outside the cell where Yrcanos tries to kill the Doctor. It was then planned to complete the evening's work with several Part Eight corridor, tunnel and cavern scenes; once again, however, time ran out – and four scenes comprising the cliffhanger to Part Seven were held over 'til the next day.

The following afternoon, Thursday 12th, the cliffhanger scenes were cleared first, followed by the scenes set in the Alphan Induction Centre in Parts Six and Eight. Progress was good, and in the evening the cast and crew were almost back on schedule with a number of tunnel scenes for Parts Five, Six and Seven – and only a couple of short scenes were unrecorded when the lights went out at 10pm. Sil's water unit, as seen in *Vengeance on Varos*, was re-used in the scene where the Mentors passed by; a special prop chain was attached to Lukoser Branch for Blessed to break.

The remaining tunnel scenes were the first to be shot on the final studio day, followed shortly thereafter by six various corridor scenes – concluding with the

appearance of the TARDIS, realised via the usual locked-off camera method. The rest of the day was devoted to the Trial Room scenes. The courtroom set was rebuilt from the opening four episodes of the story; the first sequence to be recorded by Jones' team was a remount, directed by Nick Mallett, of the TARDIS' materialisation in the passageway outside the Trial Room and the Doctor's emergence from it to go into *The Trial of a Time Lord* Part One. Following this, Serial 7B's trial sequences were taped.

OB recording near Brighton took place on Sunday 15th and Monday 16th June; the only cast members required were Baker and Bryant. Recording began on the morning of Sunday 15th June at 11.30am on the pebble beach at Telscombe Cliffs, east along the coast from Brighton. Sequences recorded on the first day were the Doctor and Peri entering the cave in Part Five, and the Doctor interrogating Peri at the so-called Rock of Sorrows in Part Six.

DOCUMENTARY TEMPS X

Alain Carraze, chief executive behind Gallic science-fact/fiction magazine programme *Temps X*, had attempted to purchase *Doctor Who* several times, and produced a 16-minute feature on the series to air as part of *Temps X* around September/October 1986. Shooting in the UK for two weeks beginning on Monday 26th, the *Temps X* crew recorded material on the set of Serial 7B – including interviews with both Colin Baker and John Nathan-Turner. On Friday 30th, the crew interviewed visual effects designer Peter Wragg, and also spoke to 'members of the public' queuing outside the BBC TV Theatre (actually five selected fans) – and on Saturday 31st, the crew recorded material at London science-fiction bookshop Forbidden Planet 2. The finished item, which included clips from episodes including *100,000 BC: An Unearthly Child* and *The Tenth Planet* Episode 4, was duly broadcast on station TF1, and led to the acquisition of a number of Tom Baker serials in 1987.

Recording on Monday 16th ran between 8.30am and 3.00pm, and encompassed the arrival of the TARDIS in Part Five, the end of Peri's interrogation, and the shots of the Doctor using the CD phaser on the rock during Part Five (visual effects provided a deflating prop rock for this scene). The crew were working in an area adjacent to a nudist beach – and also discovered that they had got the times of the tides wrong.

Monday 16th June was Nicola Bryant's final day on *Doctor Who*. She was disappointed to discover that the impact of Peri's death was diluted by contradictory evidence in Part Fourteen, but also regretted that some younger viewers were allegedly upset by Peri's apparent demise. She went on to expand her theatre career with *Killing Jessica*, *Jeeves*, *Twelfth Night* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* alongside television work including *Blackadder's Christmas Carol*. Bryant worked in Los Angeles for a spell in 1992, and has since featured regularly in children's drama *The Biz!*.

Serial 7B would also prove to be both Philip Martin and Ron Jones' final work on *Doctor Who*. Martin became a senior radio drama producer based at BBC Pebble Mill, but also contributed to TV series such as *Tandoori Nights*, *Star Cops* and *Virtual Murder*. Jones' career, however, was then stalled by a long illness. He was to die in July 1993.

Part Five had one scene removed in editing: in the Trial Room, just after the Doctor and Peri see the Raak being taken from the laboratory, the Valeyard stops the playback and suggests to the Inquisitor that they have already seen enough. The Doctor echoes these sentiments. The prosecutor again points out Peri's repeated pleas to depart, but the Inquisitor indicates that she needs more evidence. The Doctor suggests returning to the matter of Sabalom Glitz (from Parts One to Four), remarking that: "it is as plain as the warts on a gumblejack's face that he [the Valeyard] has lost his nerve." The Inquisitor silences the Doctor and tells the Valeyard that he must proceed with the evidence.

For timing reasons, Part Six was trimmed in several places, and consequently lost sequences including Sil demanding to know why the guards did not attempt to stun the escaping prisoners – and demonstrating this by having one guard turn his 'liquifier' on another. The end of an early trial scene was lost, in which a worried Doctor asks about the "surprise" which the Valeyard had previously referred to, and the Inquisitor reprimands the prosecutor for baiting the accused. The end of another trial scene, in which the Valeyard attempts to shatter the Doctor's belief that his erratic behaviour on Thoros-Beta was a clever ploy, was also removed.

An entire scene in the tunnels was cut: Yrcanos signals to the dazed Doctor and Peri to hide in a crevice in order to evade Frax and his men. Peri advocates returning to the TARDIS, whereas Yrcanos favours annihilating the guards as he had on Knonwart. Squeezing Peri's hand so she might feel his power, he announces that he is the

POST-PRODUCTION VIDEO EFFECTS

Serial 7B saw *Doctor Who*'s first use of HARRY, a new digital image manipulation process which, alongside a Paintbox function, allowed the realisation of planet Thoros-Beta in the OB sequences. A visual effects shot of Thoros-Alpha and Thoros-Beta was added into the initial scenes; the twin-ringed planets were coloured pink and yellow. On the OB material, paintbox created a pink sea, lilac rocks, mauve horizon, green sky and the twin-ringed Thoros-Alpha, plus a pink glow to the Doctor and Peri as they left the TARDIS. Other post-production effects included: the roofs to the Induction Centre and Crozier's Lab; the images on screens in the Trial Room and Kiv's Chamber; the white shaft of light for the TARDIS' arrival; a green distorted halo around the 'frozen' Yrcanos and Tuza; plus ripples and distortion over the climactic mayhem in Crozier's Lab (much of which was run in slow-motion). The serial opened with a reuse of the establishing model shot of the space station from Part One.

victor of 97 battles and 1008 skirmishes. The muddled Doctor grins, relishing such bloodshed – and, realising that the Doctor thirsts for battle, Yrcanos has the group move on.

A trial scene was cut from Part Seven: the Valeyard asks why the Doctor should meddle on Thoros-Beta, to which the Doctor quietly explains that there is a reason for his actions which he cannot recall. The Inquisitor fears that the Doctor is unwell and offers a recess – but, to stop the Valeyard's carping, the Doctor demands that they proceed with the evidence.

PROMOTION AND AUDIENCE

Serial 7B featured in promotional material for Season Twenty-Three. In early September, a BBC Autumn Drama trailer showed the arrival of the TARDIS on Thoros-Beta; on Thursday 18th September, Nabil Shaban once again donned his Sil outfit to appear on *Blue Peter* as part of a feature on the new season (a Part Five clip, showing the Doctor meeting Sil, was screened). Parts Five to Eight of *The Trial of a Time Lord* aired opposite *The A-Team*, an extremely popular American action series which was then being networked by ITV to audiences of over ten million. As had been the case with Parts One to Four, viewing figures were low, but did pick up slightly towards the end of the serial; audience appreciation figures, however, were good – especially when compared to those for Season Twenty-Two.

Many minor trims were made to Part Eight: the Inquisitor telling the Doctor and Valeyard to stop bickering; the imprisoned Yrcanos cursing "Conzonian! Stizr! Azarapurr!" – to which Dorf concurs; the Mentor at the Induction Centre saying "Oh, they've gone . . . Didn't even say goodbye" at the end of one of his scenes; a few lines of dialogue between Tuza, Frax and the Doctor in the Tide Control Room; a brief scene where Crozier, examing Peri's head, comments "Oh, yes, most promising"; the end of the scene where the Doctor takes Yrcanos and Dorf "to release someone called Tuza"; the Mentor complaining to the Doctor that Crozier never keeps him abreast of events, causing him a lot of paperwork; the end of the Mentor's final scene, in which the Doctor pauses on his way out and warns the Mentor not to sound the alarm ("My head is spinning," moans the Mentor, "I have no intention of making it worse by letting off alarms . . ." A moment later, one of the guards recovers and triggers a klaxon – to which the Mentor mutters "Sadist!"); and a sequence after the abduction of the Doctor by the Time Lords where Tuza tells Yrcanos that he suddenly feels as if something is missing. Yrcanos, keen to destroy Crozier, tells him that he senses the presence of Milda, the Great God of War.

Second edits of Parts Five and Six, a third edit of Part Seven and the first edit of Part Eight were prepared for transmission and a musical score of just over 32 minutes' duration dubbed by freelance composer Richard Hartley (Malcolm Clarke of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop had originally been intended to score the serial). This was Hartley's only *Doctor Who* score: his extensive film and TV work from 1975 on had included incidentals for *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, Hammer's remake of *The Lady Vanishes*, *Defence of the Realm* and *Dance with a Stranger*; he'd later work on *Tumbledown* and *An Awfully Big Adventure*.

Writer Philip Martin novelised his own rehearsal scripts, reinserting much of the deleted material, changing some minor character names and labelling the third Mentor "Marne". *Doctor Who – Mindwarp: The Trial of a Time Lord* was published in paperback by Target/WH Allen in June 1989. Numbered 139 in the series, the cover painting was by Alister Pearson. The other merchandise associated with the storyline was a 40mm figure of Kiv issued by Fine Art Castings in July 1987. The episodes were sold overseas to countries such as Australia, New Zealand and North America, where the serial was also broadcast as a TV Movie of one hour and 31 minutes' duration.

Alongside the other episodes comprising *The Trial of a Time Lord*, Parts Five to Eight (subtitled *Mindwarp*) were released by BBC Video – in a special TARDIS tin – in October 1993. UK Gold broadcast the episodes in both November 1994 and February 1995. In addition to the original one-inch broadcast tapes, the BBC Archives also retain five recording spools for Part Five, the first edit of Part Five, the first edit of Part Six (drn: 25'50") and the first and second edits of Part Seven (Drns: 25'22", 28'00").

Andrew Pixley

SERIAL 7B **THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD Parts Five-Eight**

CAST Colin Baker (*The Doctor*) with Michael Jayston (*The Valeyard*), Lynda Bellingham (*The Inquisitor*), Nicola Bryant (*Peri*), Trevor Laird (*Frax*), Patrick Ryecart (*Crozier*), Brian Blessed (*King Yrcanos*), Alibe Parsons (*Matrona Kani*), Thomas Branch (*The Lukoser*), Nabil Shaban (*Sil*), Christopher Ryan (*Kiv*), Gordon Warnecke (*Tuza*) [7-8], Richard Henry (*Mentor*) [8].

EXTRAS David Bache, John Buckmaster, Jim Delaney, David Enyon, Leslie Fry, Bob Hargreaves, Lew Hopper, Jack Horton, Derek Hunt, Roy Seeley, Kenneth Thomas, Llewellyn Williams, David Fieldsend, Barry Butler (*Time Lords*); John Capper, Gary Forecast, Paul Ellison (*Guards*); Peter Gates-Fleming, Ken Pritchard (*Time Lord/Guard*); Russell West (*Raak*); Ray Charles, Ferdinan Oraka, Lewis St Juste, Desmond Williams, Tony Amechi (*Guards/Bearers*); Belinda Lee, Jacqueline Noble, Veronique Chomillo Edwards (*Alphan Women*); Deep Roy (*Possicar Delegate*); Philip Rostant (*Mentor*); Jacqueline Noble, Madine Reina, Khristyna Kashvalli (*Servants*); Ernest Jennings (*Fern*); Shalimar Bowers, Steve Sparling, Joe Santo, David Rogue, Edward Rum Fitt, James Dublin (*Alphan Servants*); Wendy Millward, Jackie Robinson (*Female Alphans*); Mike Mungarven, Roy Brent, Kevin O'Brien, Dale Warren, Lorence Ferdinand, Ronnie King, Alan Warner, Eugene Paul, Gavin Roebuck (*Resistance Fighters*); Anita Edwards, Dadina Sagger, Rachael Chaney (*Alphans*); Harjit Singh, Stewart Myers, Ranjit Nakara, Tony Fray, Save Dhalivaal, Eddie Nedari (*Resistance Fighters/Alphans*); Johnny Clayton, Shara Balu Chokshi, Marisa Benlock, Tom Jennings, Ghitta Santana, Dave Cooper (*Guards/Bearers/Alphans/Huge Alphans/Linna*); Indira (*Alphan*).

CREDITS Written by Philip Martin. Incidental Music: Richard Hartley. Special Sound: Dick Mills. Production Manager: Kevan Van Thompson. Production Associate: Angela Smith. Production Assistant: Karen Jones. Assistant Floor Manager: Anna Price. OB Lighting: Colin Widgery [5-6]. OB Sound: Mike Johnstone [5-6]. Visual Effects Designer: Peter Wragg. Video Effects: Danny Popkin. Vision Mixer: Jim Stephens. Technical Co-ordinator: Alan Arbuthnott. Studio Camera Supervisor: Alec Wheal. Videotape Editor: Hugh Parson. Studio Lighting: Don Babbage. Studio Sound: Brian Clark. Costume Designer: John Hearne. Make-up Designer: Dorka Nieradzik. Script Editor: Eric Saward. Designer: Andrew Howe-Davies. Producer: John Nathan-Turner. Director: Ron Jones. BBC © 1986.

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

Part Five	4th October, 1986	5.45pm-6.10pm
Part Six	11th October, 1986	5.45pm-6.10pm
Part Seven	18th October, 1986	5.45pm-6.10pm
Part Eight	25th October, 1986	5.45pm-6.10pm

Viewing Figures

Part Five 4.8M (76th), **Part Six** 4.6M (87th), **Part Seven** 5.1M (87th), **Part Eight** 5.0M (84th).

Audience Appreciation

Part Five 71%, **Part Six** 69%, **Part Seven** 66%, **Part Eight** 72%.

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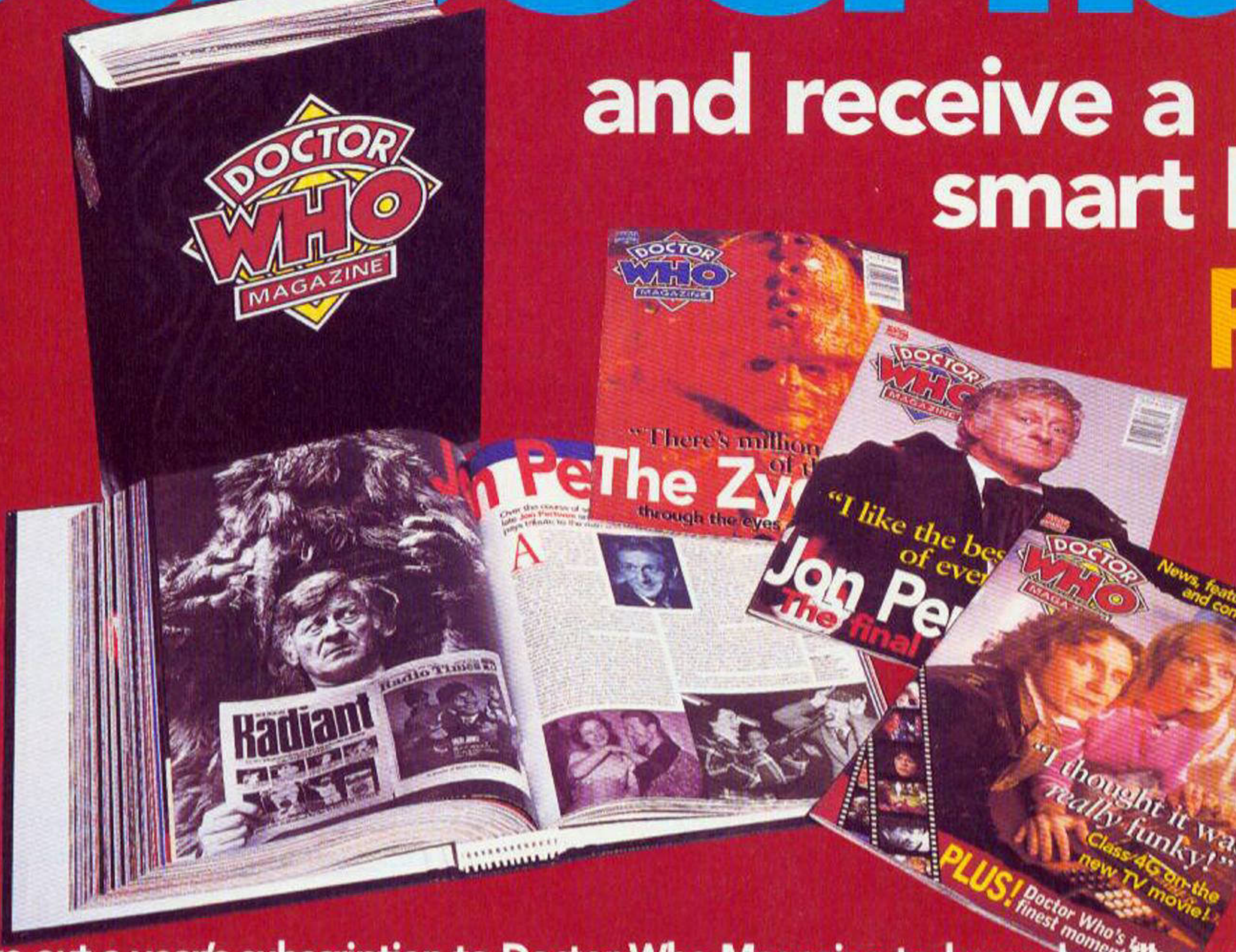
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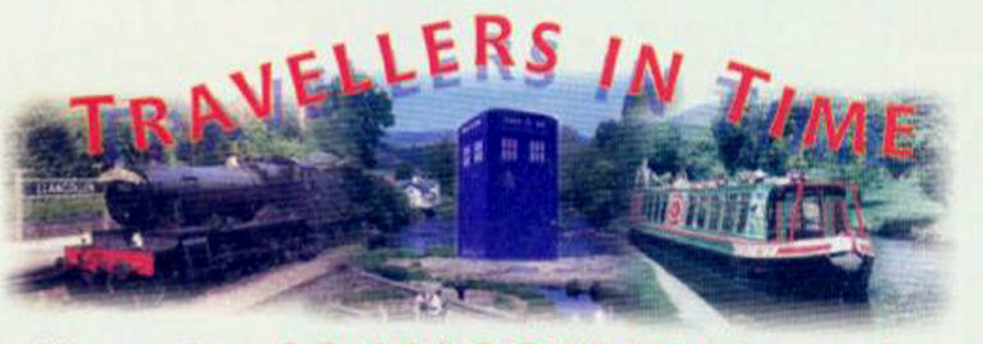

Where the Future **LLANGOLLEN** *Meets the Past*

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Where the Future **LLANGOLLEN** *Meets the Past*

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Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to
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doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

I have now enjoyed your magazine for many years, but have never felt the need to write to you. That is, until now. There is a series that I have been enjoying so much that I felt I had to write to say a personal 'thank you'.

What is this series? *The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs*, of course.

There have been many books and articles written over the years which claim to show *Doctor Who* 'behind the scenes', but none have given us the full story of what it is like to produce such a demanding show at such a down-to-earth level. It is a real joy to read. I felt, as I'm sure did many others, that there was not much about the making of the programme that I did not know, but JNT has proved me wrong.

To Mr Nathan-Turner personally, I would like to say how much I appreciate the work that he put in on my favourite show. I feel that the BBC took advantage of your good nature and used you. I shall forever be surprised that you still took such a pride in *Doctor Who* in the face of such adversity not only from the BBC itself, but also from certain members of your own production team. As we come to the end of the Memoirs, I cannot help feel the same sadness that I felt when the show was taken off the air.

John Cooke
via e-mail.

OUTFOXED

Re: *The Mourning After* [**DWM** 246-7]. So, it was Philip Segal who possibly caused the BBC to cancel Season Twenty-Seven. So, it was Philip Segal who forced BBC Enterprises to cancel *The Dark Dimension*. So, it was Philip Segal who ensured that no *Doctor Who* project could pre-empt his own sad, inconsequential little film between 1989 and 1996.

Three cheers for the man who saved *Doctor Who*.

Penny Halprin
Ringwood,
Hampshire.

SPEAKING VOLUMES

I was surprised to see no reviews of the latest *New* and *Missing Adventures* novels in a recent issue [**DWM** 245]. I wondered whether this was simply because the books hadn't been given to you, or whether this was a conscious decision not to review any more books due to the expiry of Virgin's licence to print original *Doctor Who* fiction next May. For literature that takes 5% of the British science fiction book market, is consistently rated in *SFX* magazine's Top Ten, and is read by so many people, I would think that ceasing reviews of the books would be terrible. Will **DWM** review the forthcoming Benny solo novels, or will these books – which, frankly, have kept *Doctor Who* alive since 1991 – be dismissed as being outside **DWM**'s interest? If this is the case, why was there a special message to Bernice Summerfield, the ex-*New Adventures* companion shortly to strike out on her own, in a recent *Fluid Links* column? Is this a back-door way of supporting the new series? Further, how does **DWM** feel about BBC Books more or less dismissing all the books that Virgin have ever produced? Will they contradict all the Virgin authors' work? It would be a great shame to lose something that has kept the Doctor alive when he could, so easily, have faded away.

AS Woods
via e-mail.

DWM editor Gary Gillatt replies: *Over the last year or so, a lot of readers have asked us about* **DWM**'s *policy towards Virgin's* New *and* Missing Adventures; *some seem pleased with our level of coverage of these books, others disgusted by our perceived antipathy towards them. Perhaps it's time to set the record straight . . .*

There is an awful lot of Doctor Who *out there, and in* **DWM** *we try to give all aspects of the series the appropriate amount of coverage in the magazine – be it Peter Davison or Sylvester McCoy; sixties, seventies or eighties; videos or books – within the constraints of availability of new material. The* New Adventures *are a very high quality product, but remain a tangential addition to* Doctor Who *per se, and although our readers' surveys tell us that they are undoubtedbly of great interest to their very loyal fans, they also show that the books are of no interest to a third of our readership and a matter of only casual interest to a further third.*

So . . . the Preludes *were axed because we didn't feel the enjoyment of two pages of* **DWM** *should be contingent on the purchasing of another product to explain what you've read, but they were replaced by more substantial short stories by two key Virgin authors whose work, we feel, actually 'sells' the style of the* NAs *and* MAs *more successfully to potential new readers than a somewhat elliptical* Prelude. *We were also thanked by Virgin for dropping this feature, which they considered did not do their books justice. Text fiction has since been discontinued because our content had to be restructured during and after the development of the TV Movie, and its return is currently under consideration.*

The reasons for delinking the comic strip continuity from Virgin's have been outlined here before. It turns out to have been a timely decision given Virgin's loss of the fiction licence. We might otherwise still be waiting a further four months for our first Eighth Doctor strip. I believe the strip has strengthened in recent months as it creates characters and companions suited to its needs, rather than those of another medium. It is for exactly the same reasons that the strip has only had loose connection with even the TV series continuity.

Generally, I think the books have been best served simply by our having an informed, consistent and insightful Shelf Life *columnist. Dave Owen is undoubtedly a fan of the books and approaches them with a positive frame of mind.*

To answer your specific points: there were no reviews in Issue 245 simply because we produce 13 issues a year and Virgin only publish 12 sets of books.

We will be reviewing the Benny-based New Adventures *to please her fans, but in a shorter form to reflect their even more removed status from* Doctor Who *itself, and because BBC Books will be keeping Dave pretty busy by themselves. In a future issue, Matthew Jones will be taking a detailed look back at the development of the* New Adventures *range, and a look ahead at what the Benny novels will have to offer* Doctor Who *fans.*

We know that the BBC novels will not be following any previously established Virgin continuities, chiefly for reasons of copyright, but we're sure that some of the authors will love slipping in the odd clever reference because we Doctor Who *fans are like that.*

We will be giving the BBC ranges the same level of coverage as Virgin received, centring on reviews and the traditional annual interview with the editor.

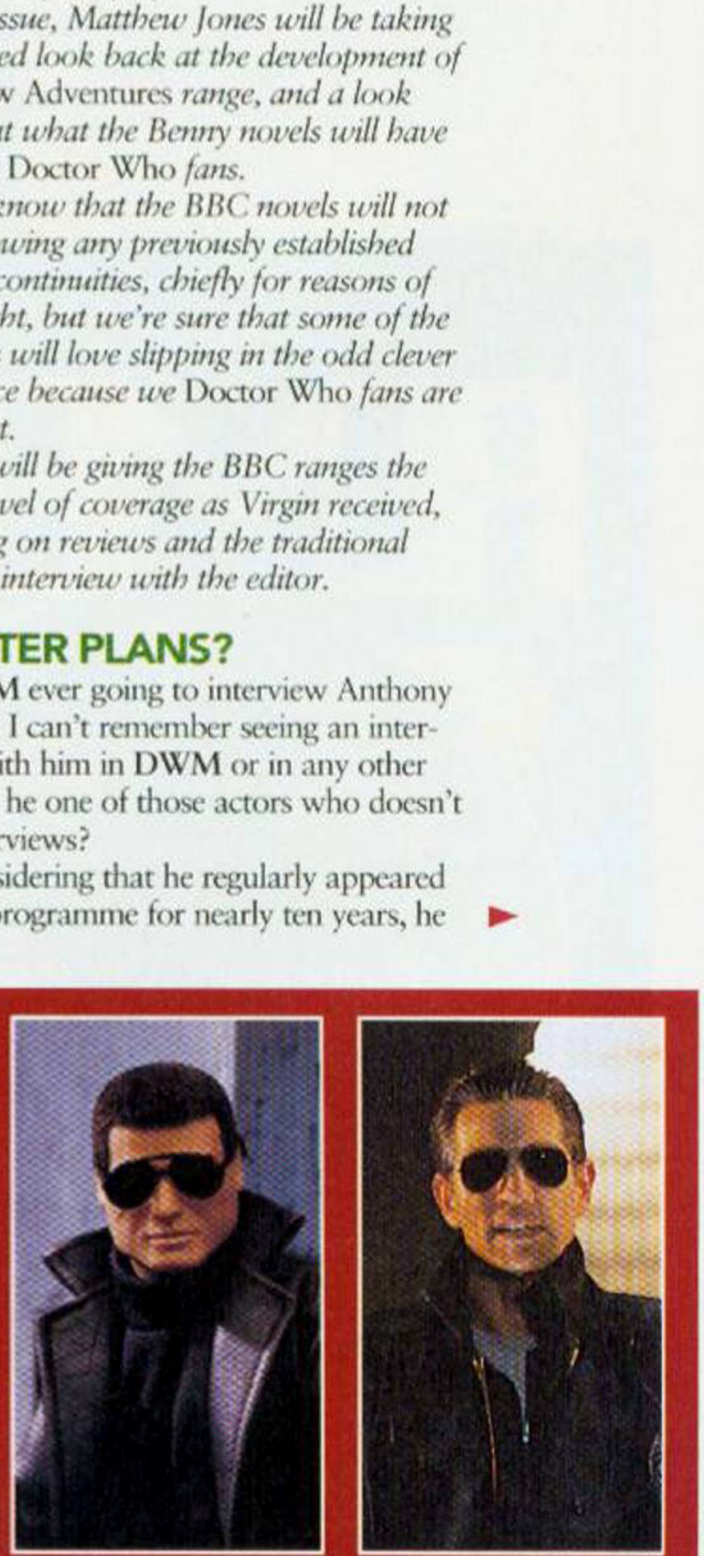
MASTER PLANS?

Is **DWM** ever going to interview Anthony Ainley? I can't remember seeing an interview with him in **DWM** or in any other mag. Is he one of those actors who doesn't do interviews?

Considering that he regularly appeared in the programme for nearly ten years, he

►

The CLONE ZONE



"I had a bad night!"
TV Movie Master

"I have gripping hands!"
Kids' hero Action Man

is to eighties *Doctor Who* what Nicholas Courtney was to the seventies.

I'd be interested in hearing his views on how the programme changed over the years, and whether or not he'd liked to have appeared in the TV Movie.

Stephen Bates
via e-mail.

So would we – but we're given to understand that Anthony has no interest in speaking to us at present on our established terms for interviews. Nevertheless, DWM *has talked to Mr Ainley in the past – in our 1982 Summer Special. Go scour those comic marts!*

'CANON' SPIKED

What has happened to some of the features that you've advertised in the 'Next Issue' teasers? For instance, there was supposed to be a feature entitled *Spiking the Canon* in DWM 245, and it's not there. Similarly, there was supposed to be an interview a while back with the TV Movie's set designer. Will we ever see these features, or have they gone the way of all flesh?

Dave Headman
via e-mail.

Ah, yes . . . DWM*: The Missing Features. Every now and again, circumstances cause our schedule to change at short notice; the Richard Hudolin interview you mention, for example, made way for our Jon Pertwee tributes in* DWM *241 – and, not wishing to disturb the balance and blend of material planned for later issues, hasn't yet found a new slot. Rest assured, it will see print before too long. Gary's* Spiking the Canon *– a feature a great many readers are keenly anticipating, to judge by the letters it has already generated – is being remixed and extended, and will appear sometime in the next few months. Probably.*

AND FINALLY . . .

A few weeks ago I was watching the *Tomorrow People* serial *A Man for Emily*, starring Peter Davison – and I was surprised to see the stun gun built by the Doctor in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* popping up in an alien spaceship. A few days later I watched the BBC video of 1973's *Frontier in Space*, and in Episode Six one of the soldiers accompanying General Williams to the Ogron planet is holding – yes! – that stun gun again. Then, just this last week, I saw a 1971 British TV movie called *Madame Sin*, starring Bette Davis. Lo and behold, there was the stun gun again!

Taking into account the filming dates for these four productions, I can only assume that the prop was originally made for *Madame Sin* – unless it pops up in anything prior to 1971. I wonder if any eagle-eyed readers can claim to have spotted the weapon in anything else?

Keep up the good work. What happened to the *Spiking the Canon* article?

Jon Preddle
Hamilton,
New Zealand.

Set co-ordinates for
REMEMBRANCE'97

THE DOCTOR – *MISSING PRESUMED DEAD* –
SPECIAL STAGE PRESENTATION

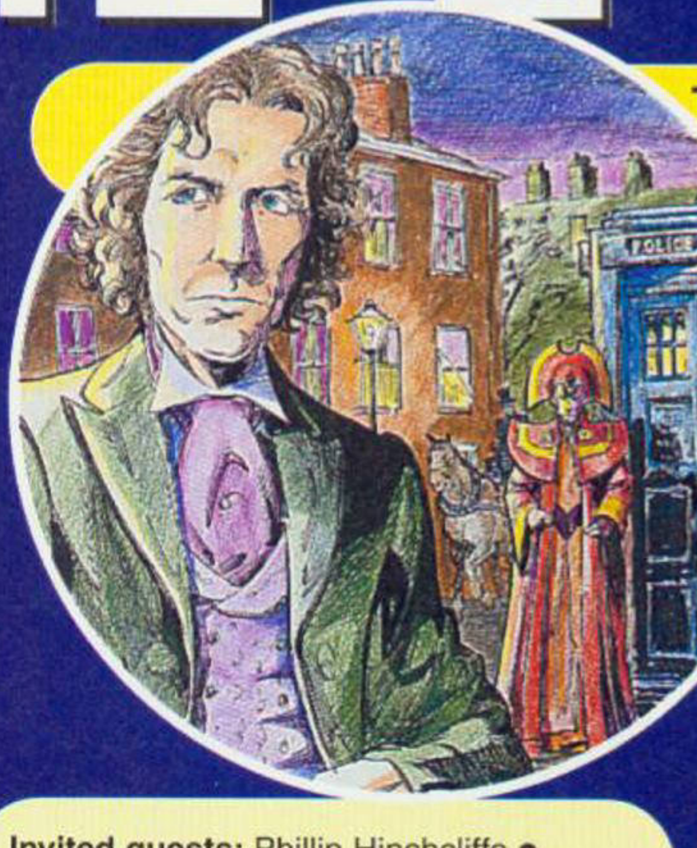


Illustration: Lee Sullivan 1996

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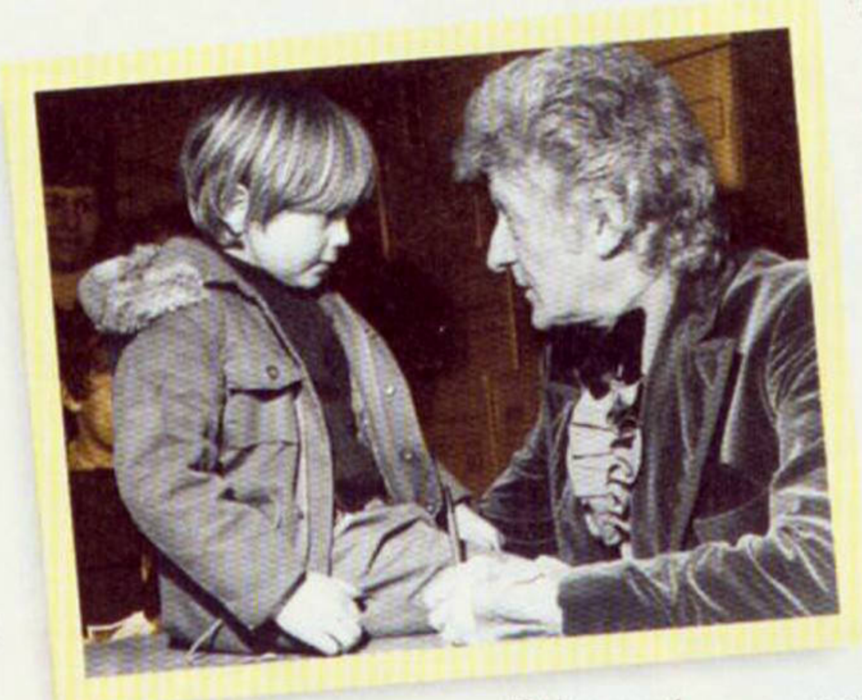
Fluid Links

by **Matthew Jones**

The hero that failed

I felt curiously unmoved when I heard the news that Jon Pertwee had died. I was actually quite surprised by the reaction in fandom. An impromptu meeting took place at the Fitzroy Tavern in London that evening – fans congregating to share their sadness. I remember Dave Owen saying that he'd been shocked and upset by the news. It was Gary Gillatt who rang to tell me about it and said that everyone at the **DWM** office was in shock. I commiserated with Gary out of politeness, but felt nothing. Which was odd, really; Jon Pertwee was my Doctor, my first hero – fighting invisible Daleks and giant maggots on winter Saturday nights when I was but a small boy.



I'd even met him. In the flesh. When I was six, my parents took me to the opening of a new Co-op supermarket in Glenfield, Leicester, where he was the guest of honour. As I stood in line, watching the other children meeting him, I couldn't believe that I was in the same room as Doctor Who! I stared intently at him from a distance, chewing slowly on the string of my parka; my Mum kept telling me to ask him if he'd got his red pen from the Daleks.

"What's *your* name, then?" he asked kindly, as my turn came and I was lifted onto the table.

His huge, lined face was inches away from my own. Sparkling eyes and bouffant silver hair. I couldn't think. I couldn't speak. What *was* my name?

"Matthew," my Mother whispered unobtrusively, in that way that only Mothers can.

He nodded sagely and signed a piece of green paper: "Jon Pertwee, Doctor Who".

I staggered giddily into the sunshine, clutching the autograph tightly, and joined the crowd that had gathered to watch him drive the Whomobile around the car park. My meeting with the great man was even captured by a photographer from the *Leicester Mercury* and, at school assembly a few days later, was asked by my headmistress to stand up so that the rest of the school might duly acknowledge the honour bestowed upon me.

"What's your name, then?" he asked kindly, as I was lifted onto the table.

I remember feeling that it was such a glorious time. Which only made my ambivalence about the death of my childhood hero feel so inappropriate. And then I realized that my attitude to the Third Doctor had changed as I had grown up. Over the years, he had lost his place in my affections to the crazy wildness of Tom Baker and the hip mystery of the *New Adventures* Seventh Doctor. Looking back, the Third Doctor was patronising, arrogant, vain. When I was a boy he looked so dashing in his scarlet-lined cape; I cheered him on as he dispensed justice with a cry of "Hi-Yaa!" and some super alien kung fu. Rewatching *Invasion of The Dinosaurs*, I cringed with embarrassment; he looked more like Hong Kong Phooey than Bruce Lee. When he quipped to his fallen victims, "Venusian Karate, gentlemen. I do hope I haven't hurt you," I could take no more and lunged for the remote control.

Oh, Doctor, I used to think you were superhuman – and look at you now.

And this is why I feel so cold. I'm looking back at him now. Somehow, I can't suspend my disbelief anymore. I can't get past the self-importance and bourgeois mannerisms that I see in the character today – and find the hero I worshipped as a child. The memory may cheat, but time and age has cheated me more. They have robbed me of my childhood hero. These days, to my adult eyes, the Third Doctor doesn't look like the rebellious hero, he looks like the establishment. I'm embarrassed by his sexism and his endless put-downs of people who are just doing their job. In *The Mind of Evil*, he starts to childishly heckle Professor Kettering as the scientist is patiently attempting to explain the function of the Keller Machine, makes jokes about capital punishment and pulls faces at Jo Grant. I wanted him to shut up and listen to what they were saying. When the subject of the experiment screams in pain, the Doctor is too pleased telling Jo that he knew something was going to go wrong to care about the poor prisoner who is evidently in agony. Surely this is not the hero I adored?

Quite recently, on a quiet Sunday afternoon, a girlfriend was around. Knowing that I'm a fan, she mentioned that she'd heard that one of the Doctors had died. When I'd explained that Jon Pertwee was the one with the velvet jacket and the frilly shirt, she went a bit misty-eyed. "I used to love him," Melanie remembered, fondly. "My favourite was the one with spiders jumping on people's backs. That was him, wasn't it? I'd love to see that one again."

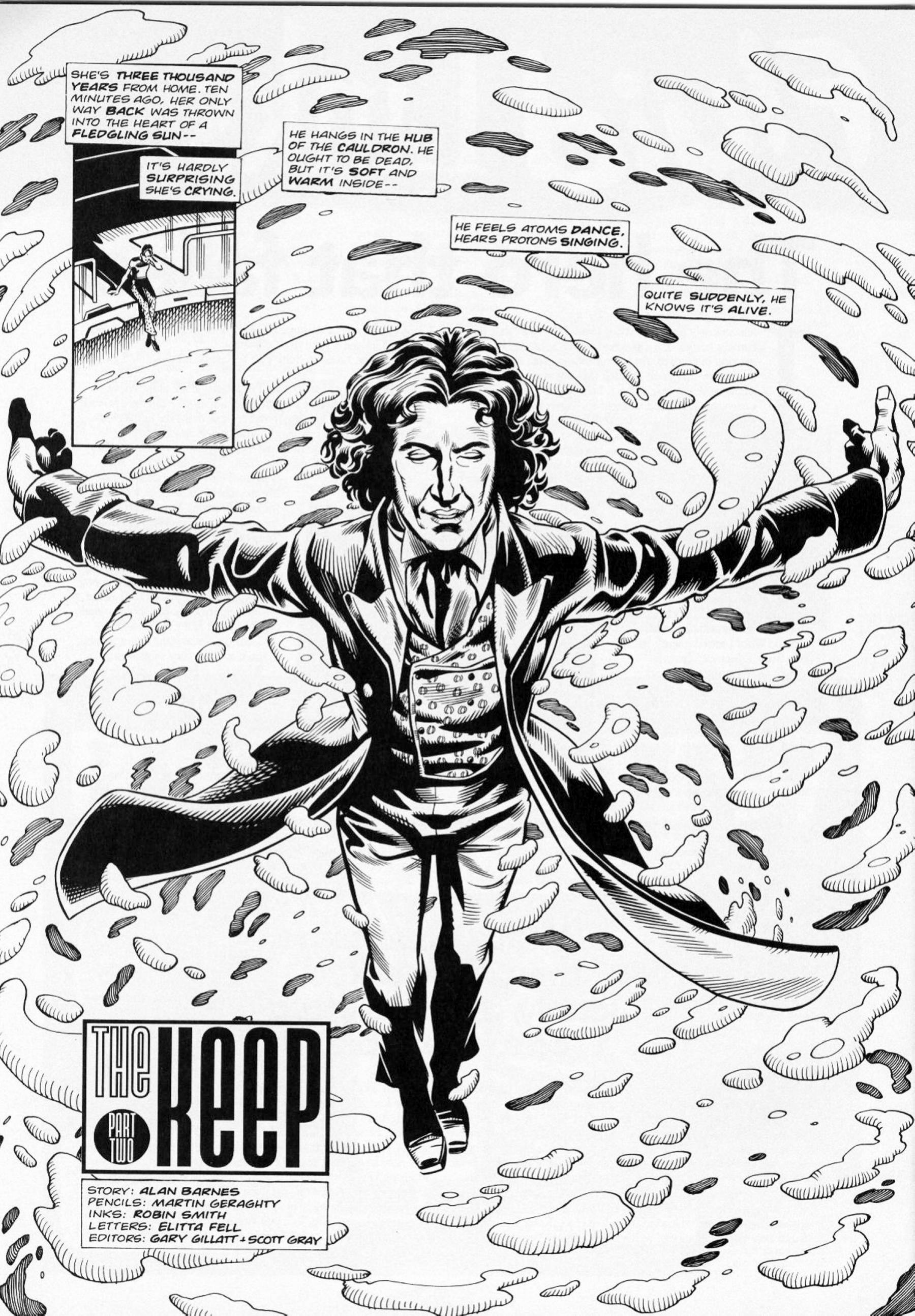
"Be sure," I murmured, indicating three large IKEA crates which housed a suspiciously large number of black-spined video cassettes.

"Be very sure." But she insisted, and we curled up on the sofa with tea and biscuits and watched *Planet of the Spiders* straight through. Melanie loved it, laughing along with the Brigadier and doing impressions of the West Country villagers on Metebelis 3.

"A tear, Sarah Jane? Don't cry. Where there's life . . ." And suddenly there were tears running down my face. Somehow, the Third Doctor's death allowed me to feel the loss of the actor who gave me so much pleasure when I was a child. And I could suddenly see the Third Doctor as I did when I was boy. I could see him clearly – without all my pseudo-intellectual fanboy posturing getting in the way.

A hero so big that he could save the universe with a single bound. Someone I implicitly trusted to take me on the most dangerous adventures every week and keep me safe, return me home in time for tea. A warm, fatherly man who filled my head with the most wonderful dreams. Oh, Jon, you were so important to me. Of course I still love you, and always will.

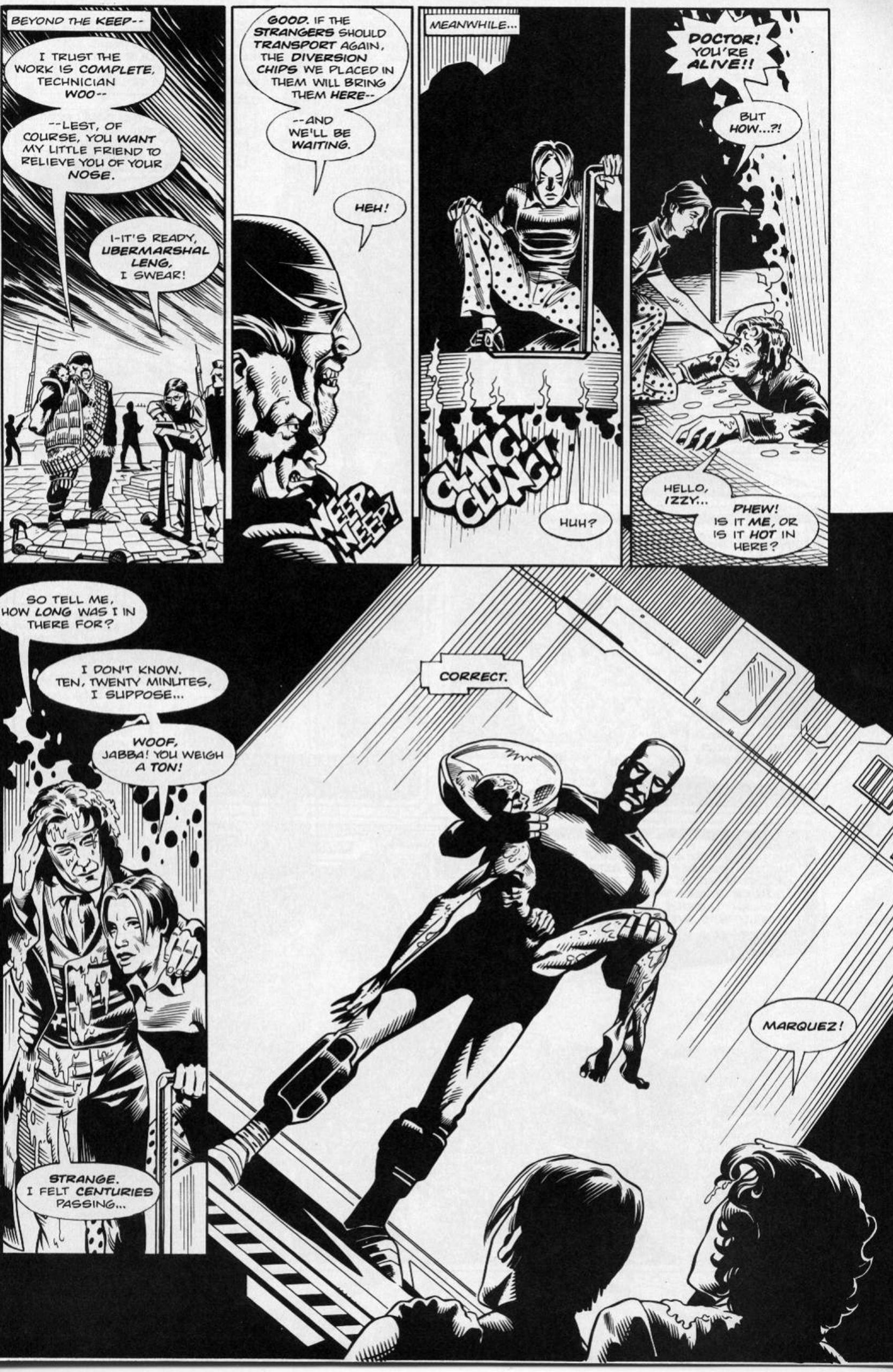
◆

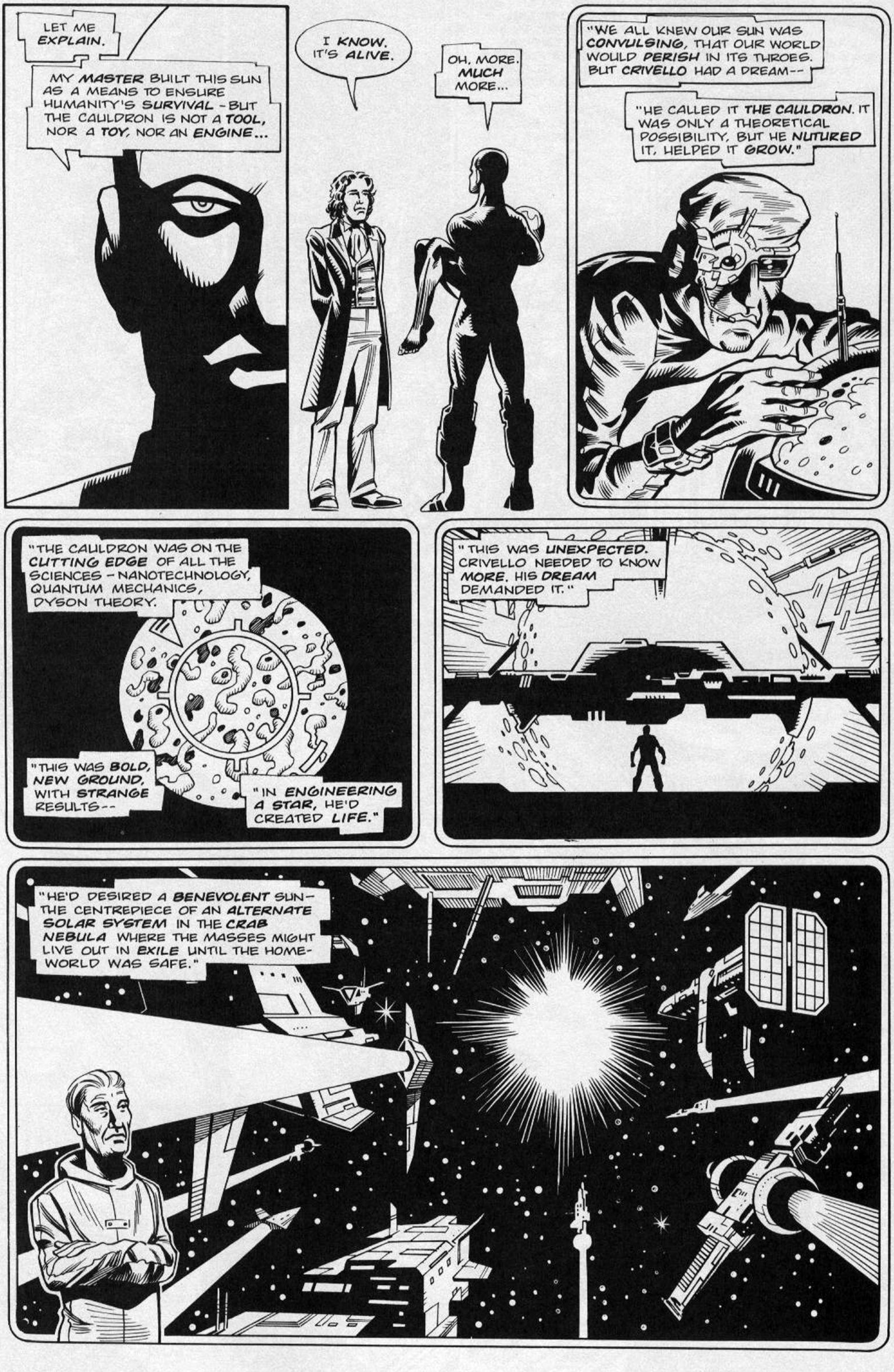

SHE'S THREE THOUSAND YEARS FROM HOME. TEN MINUTES AGO, HER ONLY WAY BACK WAS THROWN INTO THE HEART OF A FLEDGLING SUN--
IT'S HARDLY SURPRISING SHE'S CRYING.
HE HANGS IN THE HUB OF THE CAULDRON. HE OUGHT TO BE DEAD, BUT IT'S SOFT AND WARM INSIDE--
HE FEELS ATOMS DANCE, HEARS PROTONS SINGING.
QUITE SUDDENLY, HE KNOWS IT'S ALIVE.

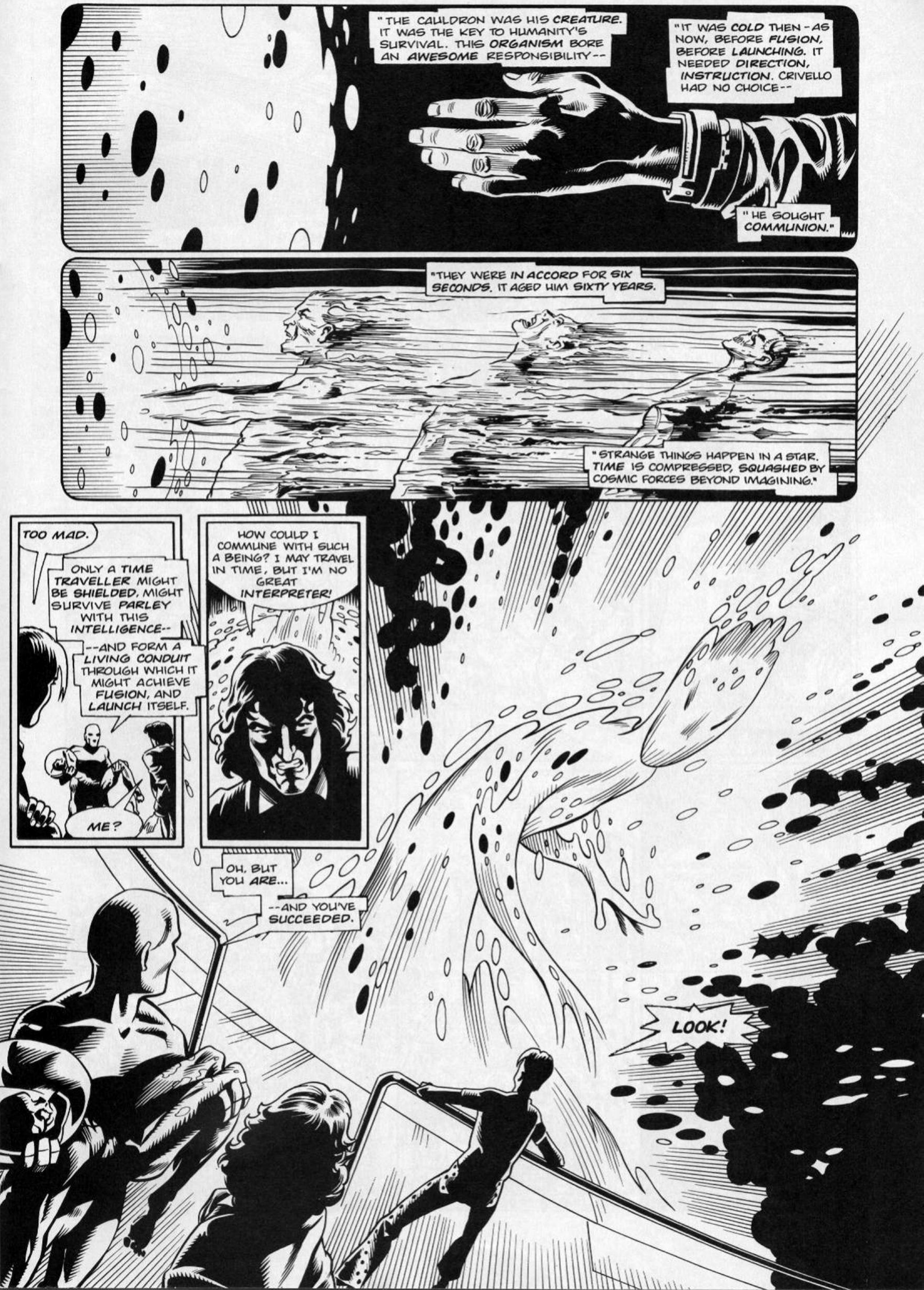
THE KEEP

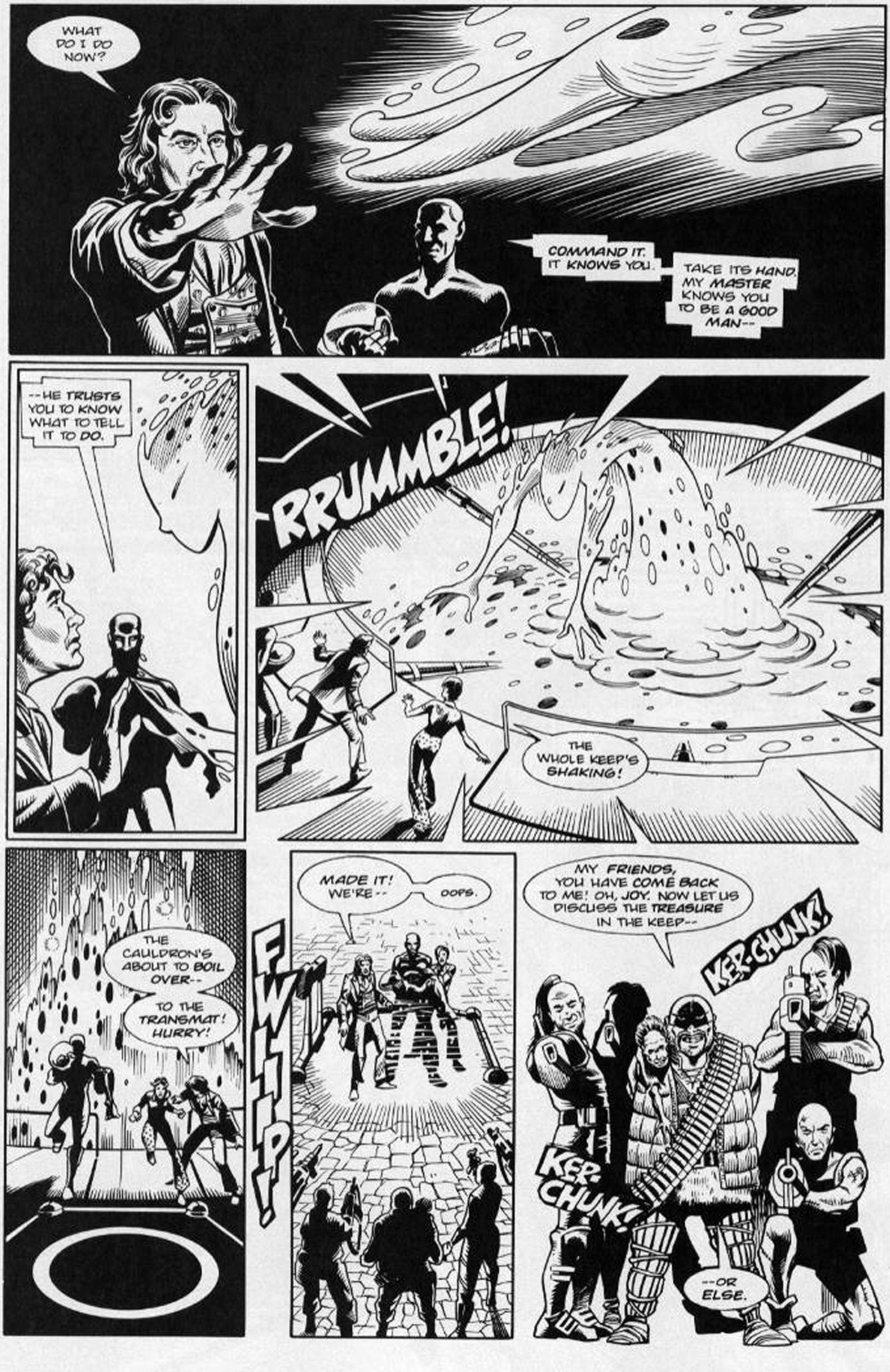
PART TWO

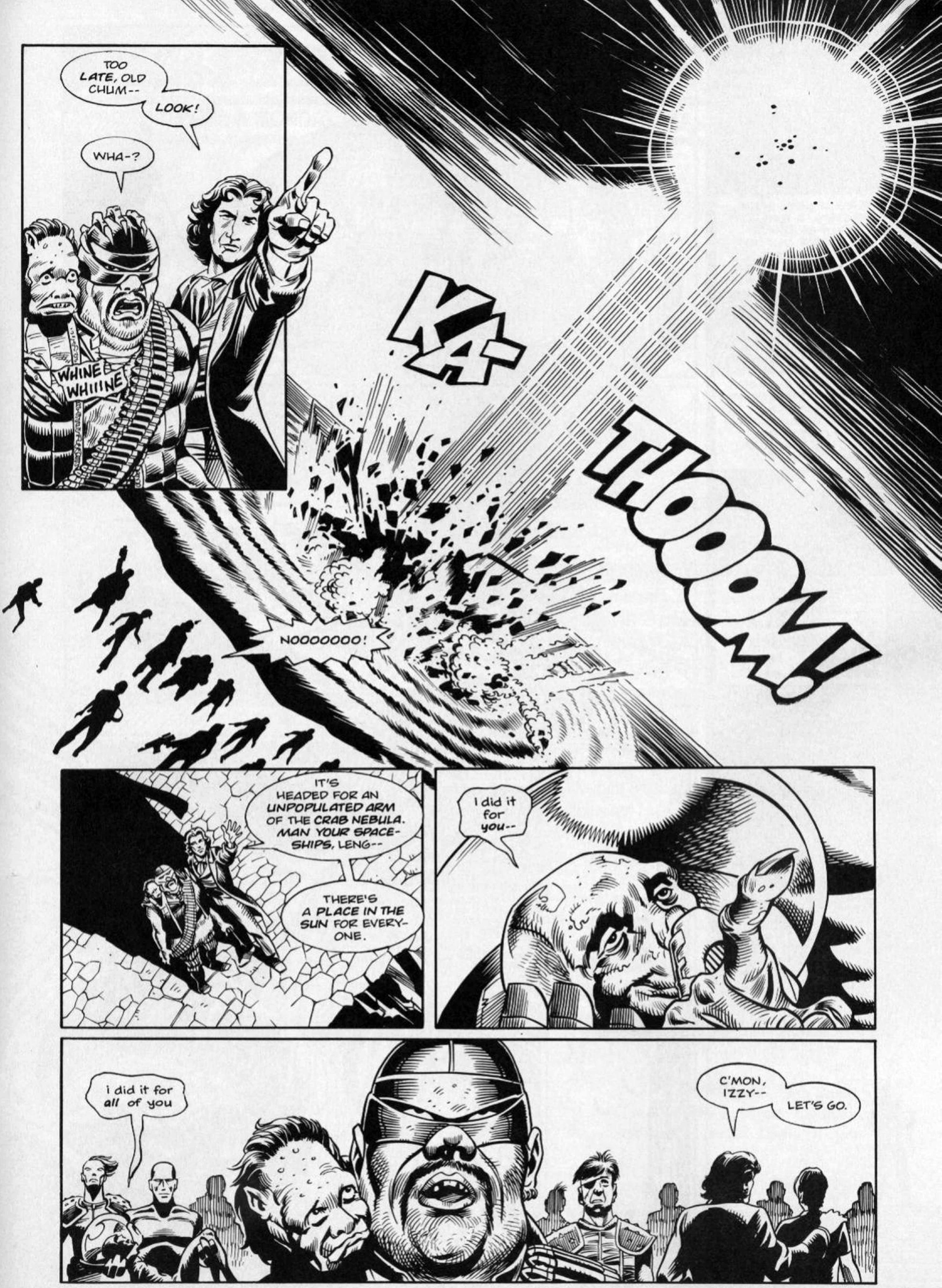
STORY: **ALAN BARNES**
PENCILS: **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
INKS: **ROBIN SMITH**
LETTERS: **ELITTA FELL**
EDITORS: **GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY**

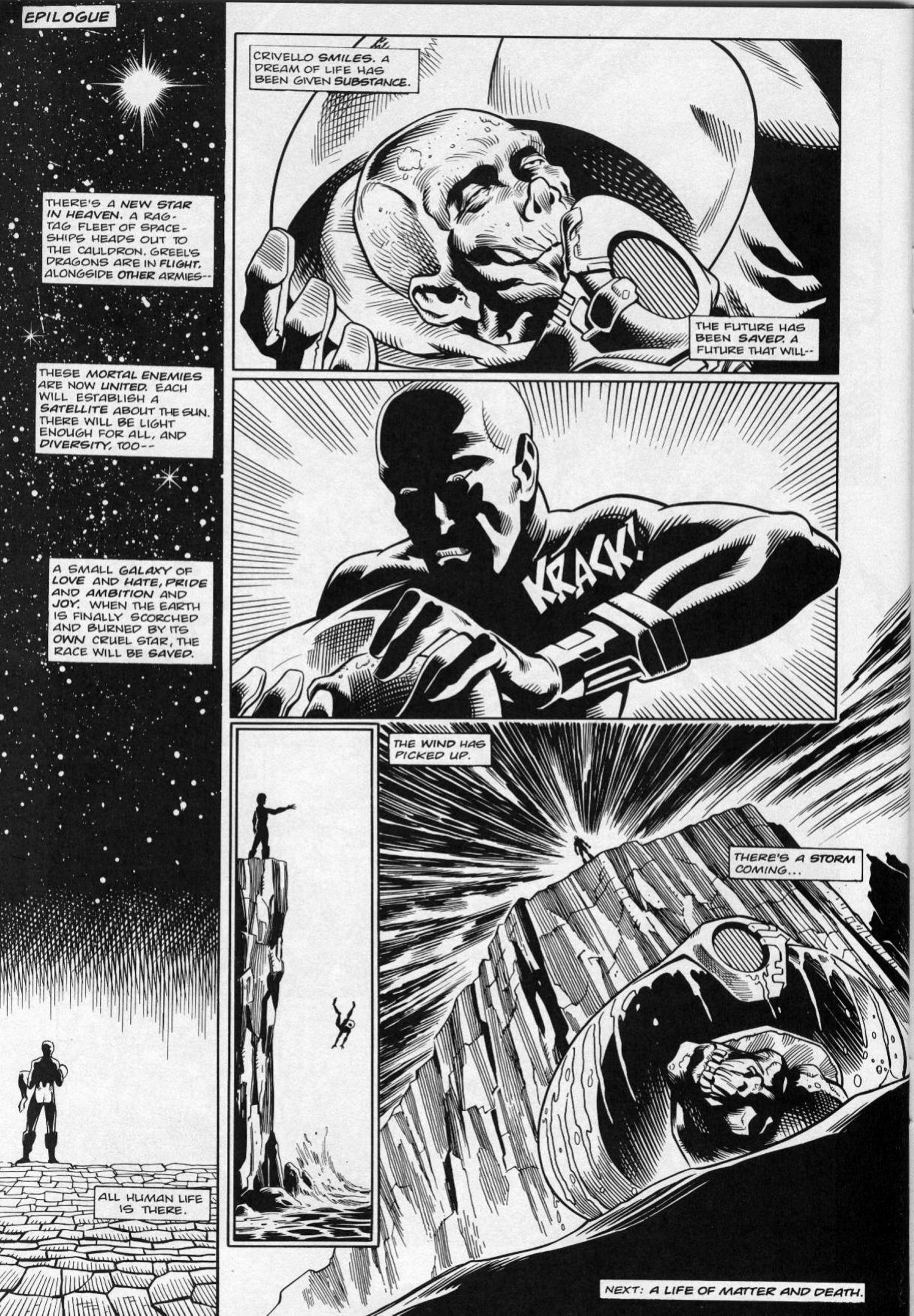

BEYOND THE KEEP--
I TRUST THE WORK IS COMPLETE, TECHNICIAN WOO--
--LEST, OF COURSE, YOU WANT MY LITTLE FRIEND TO RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR NOSE.
I-IT'S READY, UBERMARSHAL LENG, I SWEAR!
GOOD. IF THE STRANGERS SHOULD TRANSPORT AGAIN, THE DIVERSION CHIPS WE PLACED IN THEM WILL BRING THEM HERE--
--AND WE'LL BE WAITING.
HEH!
NEEP. NEEP?
MEANWHILE...
CLANG! CLUNG!
HUH?
DOCTOR! YOU'RE ALIVE!!
BUT HOW...?!
HELLO, IZZY...
PHEW! IS IT ME, OR IS IT HOT IN HERE?
SO TELL ME, HOW LONG WAS I IN THERE FOR?
I DON'T KNOW. TEN, TWENTY MINUTES, I SUPPOSE...
WOOF, JABBA! YOU WEIGH A TON!
STRANGE. I FELT CENTURIES PASSING...
CORRECT.
MARQUEZ!


LET ME EXPLAIN.
MY MASTER BUILT THIS SUN AS A MEANS TO ENSURE HUMANITY'S SURVIVAL - BUT THE CAULDRON IS NOT A TOOL, NOR A TOY, NOR AN ENGINE...
I KNOW. IT'S ALIVE.
OH, MORE. MUCH MORE...
"WE ALL KNEW OUR SUN WAS CONVULSING, THAT OUR WORLD WOULD PERISH IN ITS THROES. BUT CRIVELLO HAD A DREAM--
"HE CALLED IT THE CAULDRON. IT WAS ONLY A THEORETICAL POSSIBILITY, BUT HE NURTURED IT, HELPED IT GROW."
"THE CAULDRON WAS ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF ALL THE SCIENCES - NANOTECHNOLOGY, QUANTUM MECHANICS, DYSON THEORY.
"THIS WAS BOLD, NEW GROUND, WITH STRANGE RESULTS--
"IN ENGINEERING A STAR, HE'D CREATED LIFE."
"THIS WAS UNEXPECTED. CRIVELLO NEEDED TO KNOW MORE. HIS DREAM DEMANDED IT."
"HE'D DESIRED A BENEVOLENT SUN-THE CENTREPIECE OF AN ALTERNATE SOLAR SYSTEM IN THE CRAB NEBULA WHERE THE MASSES MIGHT LIVE OUT IN EXILE UNTIL THE HOME-WORLD WAS SAFE."


"THE CAULDRON WAS HIS CREATURE. IT WAS THE KEY TO HUMANITY'S SURVIVAL. THIS ORGANISM BORE AN AWESOME RESPONSIBILITY--
"IT WAS COLD THEN - AS NOW, BEFORE FUSION, BEFORE LAUNCHING. IT NEEDED DIRECTION, INSTRUCTION. CRIVELLO HAD NO CHOICE--
"HE SOUGHT COMMUNION."
"THEY WERE IN ACCORD FOR SIX SECONDS. IT AGED HIM SIXTY YEARS.
"STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN A STAR. TIME IS COMPRESSED, SQUASHED BY COSMIC FORCES BEYOND IMAGINING."
TOO MAD.
ONLY A TIME TRAVELLER MIGHT BE SHIELDED, MIGHT SURVIVE PARLEY WITH THIS INTELLIGENCE--
--AND FORM A LIVING CONDUIT THROUGH WHICH IT MIGHT ACHIEVE FUSION, AND LAUNCH ITSELF.
ME?
HOW COULD I COMMUNE WITH SUCH A BEING? I MAY TRAVEL IN TIME, BUT I'M NO GREAT INTERPRETER!
OH, BUT YOU ARE...
--AND YOU'VE SUCCEEDED.
LOOK!

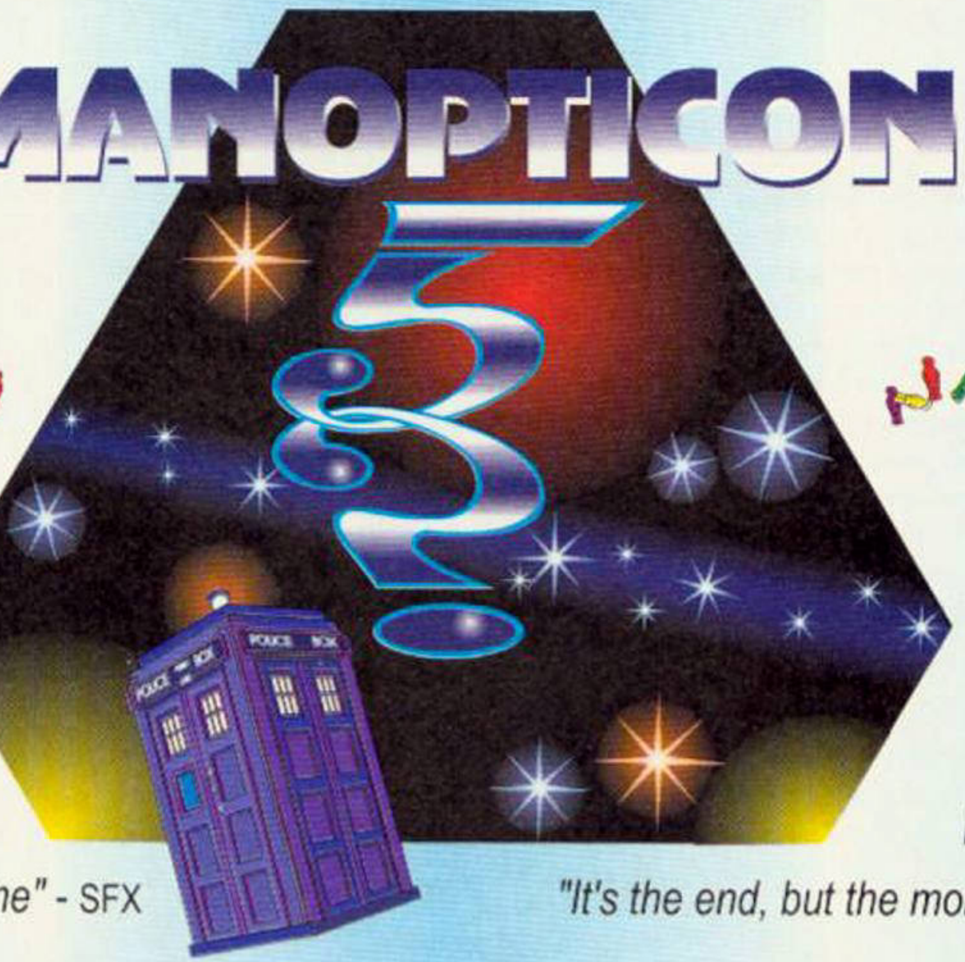

WHAT DO I DO NOW?
COMMAND IT. IT KNOWS YOU.
TAKE ITS HAND. MY MASTER KNOWS YOU TO BE A GOOD MAN--
--HE TRUSTS YOU TO KNOW WHAT TO TELL IT TO DO.
RRUMMBLE!
THE WHOLE KEEP'S SHAKING!
THE CAULDRON'S ABOUT TO BOIL OVER--
TO THE TRANSMAT! HURRY!
FWHIP!
MADE IT! WE'RE--
OOPS.
MY FRIENDS, YOU HAVE COME BACK TO ME! OH, JOY. NOW LET US DISCUSS THE TREASURE IN THE KEEP--
KER-CHUNK!
KER-CHUNK!
--OR ELSE.


TOO LATE, OLD CHUM--
LOOK!
WHA-?
WHINE WHIIINE
KA-
THOOOM!
NOOOOOOO!
IT'S HEADED FOR AN UNPOPULATED ARM OF THE CRAB NEBULA. MAN YOUR SPACESHIPS, LENG--
THERE'S A PLACE IN THE SUN FOR EVERYONE.
I did it for you--
i did it for all of you
C'MON, IZZY--
LET'S GO.


EPILOGUE
THERE'S A NEW STAR IN HEAVEN. A RAG-TAG FLEET OF SPACESHIPS HEADS OUT TO THE CAULDRON. GREEL'S DRAGONS ARE IN FLIGHT, ALONGSIDE OTHER ARMIES--
THESE MORTAL ENEMIES ARE NOW UNITED. EACH WILL ESTABLISH A SATELLITE ABOUT THE SUN. THERE WILL BE LIGHT ENOUGH FOR ALL, AND DIVERSITY, TOO--
A SMALL GALAXY OF LOVE AND HATE, PRIDE AND AMBITION AND JOY. WHEN THE EARTH IS FINALLY SCORCHED AND BURNED BY ITS OWN CRUEL STAR, THE RACE WILL BE SAVED.
ALL HUMAN LIFE IS THERE.
CRIVELLO SMILES. A DREAM OF LIFE HAS BEEN GIVEN SUBSTANCE.
THE FUTURE HAS BEEN SAVED. A FUTURE THAT WILL--
KRACK!
THE WIND HAS PICKED UP.
THERE'S A STORM COMING...
NEXT: A LIFE OF MATTER AND DEATH.

IT'S BACK ... AND IT'S THE LAST TIME!

SUNDAY 4th & MONDAY 5th MAY 1997. HOTEL PICCADILLY. MANCHESTER



JOHN DOE
NITRO 9

THE BIGGEST...

"The one Doctor Who convention that no fan can afford to miss...
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AND THE BEST!

"It would be difficult not to be impressed by Manopticon" - DreamWatch

"It's the end, but the moment has been prepared for"

WHERE?

The venue for this event is the Hotel Piccadilly, Situated right in the heart of Manchester. The hotel is next to the city's main train station, and is easily accessible from other forms of transport.

WHY?

Our charity this year is the *Roy Castle Cause for Hope Appeal.* Manopticon 4 raised £4000 for this discerning cause, and with your help we hope to top that.

WHAT GOES ON?

There will be two full days of entertainment, running from 10:00am until 6:00pm
As well as guest panels, there will be a merchandise room, a costume exhibition and more.
There will also be autograph panels, conducted in such a way that people queuing are not forced to miss any of the interviews in the main hall. Additionally, the Sunday evening will feature a cabaret, running from 8:00 'till late and featuring the *final* live performance of popular musicians *Ian Hu & Mark Lambert*
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Out of the TARDIS!

As Zoe, Wendy Padbury travelled with the Second Doctor until he was put on trial by the Time Lords. She now faces her own inquisition, as she dips into the TARDIS tin . . .

Questions devised by Lee Mansfield and John Ainsworth

Photography by Robin Prichard

Interview by Paul Vyse

Who or what has been your greatest inspiration?

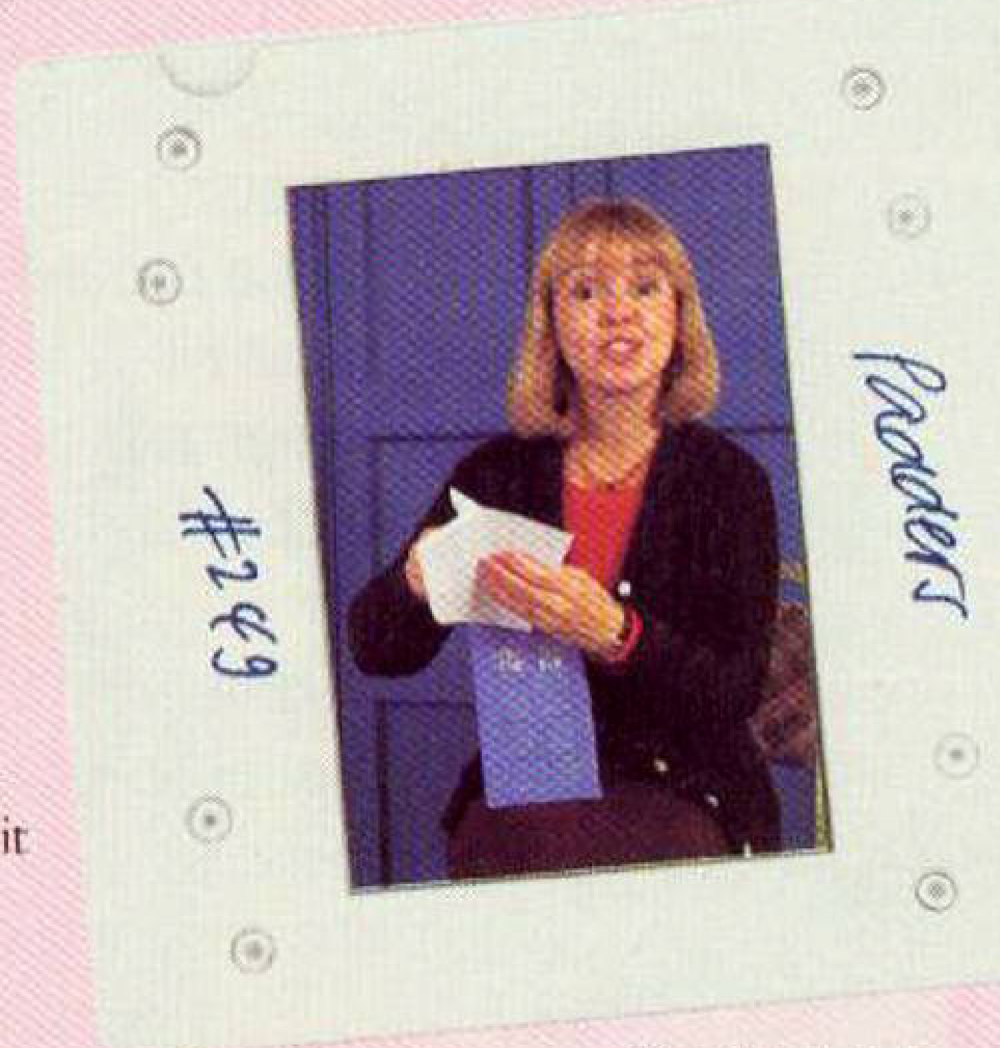
I don't think there's been any one person who has inspired me – just certain qualities in lots of different people. Acting-wise, I think Diana Rigg and Judi Dench are fantastic because they *become* those characters, and they *are* those people. There wasn't anyone who inspired me to act at all – I come from a family that had nothing to do with the theatre, except for an auntie who used to do amateur dramatics at the WI!

What was the last video you bought?

The Piano, which I absolutely adore. I missed it at the cinema but I don't regret not having seen it on the big screen – it didn't lose anything for me. And Harvey Keitel is just to die for!

Have you ever seen a ghost?

I once went to dinner at a friend's house in Camberwell. The dining room was in the oldest bit of the house, and there was a beautiful table laid for our supper. We all went to sit at this table, settled ourselves down . . . and suddenly the atmosphere changed completely. Nobody said anything, but everybody went cold – you know, sort of pulling their cardies tighter round them. It was *very* chilly, having been in a room that had a log fire and was extremely warm. And the conversation, almost within seconds, turned to ghosts, for no apparent reason. Our hosts were looking rather smug and smiley, because it transpired that they did indeed have a ghost in that house. They had never actually seen it, but they were aware of a presence. So, no, I've never seen one, but I think I might have felt something.



Have you ever asked for an autograph?

I've asked for *millions* of autographs! I was born in Stratford on Avon; after school I used to go to the stage door of the RSC, and I got *everybody*'s autograph – Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Judi Dench, Vanessa Redgrave – all those really famous actors . . .

Which classic film would you most like to have worked on?

I would always have loved to have done a costume drama, something like *Pride and Prejudice*; I just think they're wonderful, and those frocks are to die for!

I love musicals – which for somebody who can't sing is a bit strange, really – so I would also like to have been in something like *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* – that is *fantastic*! I would love to have been the lead girl in that gingham chequered pinny!

If you could swap places with a member of the opposite sex for a day, who would you be?

I'd quite like to swap places with George Michael – I would love to know what a day of his is like; very lazy, I would imagine! I also wouldn't mind swapping places for a day with Elvis Costello, because I adore him. I'd just like to know how his mind works, and where he gets all his ideas from.

What is the most frightening film you ever saw?

Psycho. I watched it years ago, around at Frazer Hines' house. His Mum was out, but one of his brothers was there. We sat on this sofa, and behind it was one of those little hatches in the wall that leads from the kitchen to the sitting room. It got to the screeching shower scene, with the knife and all that, when all of a sudden these doors above my head were flung open and his brother shoved a mop through. It landed right in front of my face and I was *petrified*!

Can you remember your first kiss?

[Laughs, naughtily]

Yes! Well, it depends what sort of kiss you're talking about. If you're talking about 'first peck', then I would have been at school. I don't remember who it was, although there was a boy who used to leave me roses in my desk every day, with a little note. So it could have been him.

But my first real, real, proper 'grown up' kiss, yes, I can remember that perfectly clearly. [Laughs again] And that's all you're getting! Moving swiftly on . . .

Padders
#249

What is the worst song you've ever heard?

It's got to be *The Birdie Song*. Do me a favour! What is all that about?!

Were you well behaved at school?

I was an angel – but I was very well behaved only because I was spineless, and didn't have the courage to do anything naughty. If I'd been a bit braver and a bit less shy I don't think I'd have been well behaved at all! Certainly if I went to school now I wouldn't be well behaved . . .

Do you believe in angels?

If we're talking really seriously, then the answer is absolutely not. But if we're talking Fairyland, then of course there are angels – Peter Pan and Tinkerbell and all those sorts of things. In reality, I don't really think there's anything out there. I'd love to be proved wrong; I'd love somebody to talk to me about God, and convince me that there's something out there, but at this moment in time I don't believe there is.

Where is the worst place you've ever stayed a night?

[Without hesitation] Oh, I can tell you *exactly* where that was! [Laughs] I was doing a long tour when I was about 23 or something – old enough to know better, anyway – of a play called *Forget-Me-Not Lane* with David Jones, who was one of The Monkees. We were playing Newmarket, near Cambridge, and three of us decided it would be lovely to drive out to see the racecourse in the middle of the night. Don't ask me why, I suppose we must have been on drugs or something! Anyway, for whatever reason, we ended up spending the night on Cambridge station in the waiting room. There was the most beautiful, massive refectory table in the wating room, a *huge* table, and all three of us slept on this table – nowhere near each other because it was so massive – probably having had too much to drink, and hence the reason why we couldn't drive anywhere. And that was *without doubt* the worst place I've spent the night. Waking up in the morning was no joke, either, with the porter coming in. Outrageous.

Did you have a childhood hero?

Yes, I did – a ballerina called Svetlana Berriosova. She was *fantastic*. When I was little I wanted to be a ballerina, and I won a five-year scholarship to the Royal Academy. However – bit of a tragic story coming here! – I've got flat feet. They knew this when they took me; from my waist upwards I looked really good, but when you got down to my feet . . . I was elbowed at the end of the first year. But during all that period, the person that I'd got plastered all over my bedroom was Svetlana Berriosova. And I *never* saw her dance. I just had a lot of pictures of her and read a lot about her, and from what I can imagine she was just the most wonderful dancer.

I always thought her name was terribly romantic too – to a child of that age it sounded so glamorous. [Laughs] I had decided that if ever I was going to be a ballerina, I was going to have to change my name to Wendovski Padborova!

What is your earliest memory?

One of my earliest memories is being bought, at about the age of four, a pair of slippers – the kind your granny would wear – by my auntie Doris. I remember my mum rolling the carpet back and me doing a bit of a dance on the lino in these slippers. I thought they were the best thing that I'd ever had.

Is there life after death?

No. It's back to the other question before, isn't it? I think once we're gone, we're gone. I don't even believe in reincarnation – I would love to, but I don't. We rot in the ground, or we get burned, and that's the end of it. Sorry!

Did you ever suck your thumb?

No, but I used to bite my nails. Never been a thumb-sucker . . .

What would you do if you won the lottery?

I've got quite a small flat that needs quite a lot of work doing to it – I'd have my kitchen wall done for starters. I would like to give my children some money – being a single parent has been quite a struggle, but they are fantastic, they don't ever ask me for anything. I think, actually, travel would be at the top of my list of priorities. I love travelling and I never have the money to do it. I've been going to France a lot recently, but I'd like to go further afield, perhaps India or Thailand. I've been lucky enough to go to America and Canada – haven't been to Australia, wouldn't mind going there.

Where would you most like to have a picnic?

It would have to be a long way away. I've never been to Switzerland, and I think a picnic somewhere in Switzerland would be rather lovely – a touch of the *Sound of Musics*! Looking at the mountains, that would be nice.

Are things getting better or worse?

[In disbelief] Who wrote this? What does that mean? If we're talking about my short lifetime from when I was a little girl to now, then it's just *different*. My daughter, Charlie, was saying the other day that she went to stay with a friend from university; there were five of them in the flat, and four of them couldn't go out without an E in their pockets. That is *scary*. I said to Charlie, "Oh my God, this is so frightening, it's so much worse than it used to be," and she said, "No, hang on a minute, for those four people who are doing that, there's four others who aren't". So I think things are just different . . .

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

Do you follow a soap opera?

[Breathless] David's left *EastEnders*! Oh my God! Do you watch *EastEnders*? David Wicks has gone. I mean, that might be *EastEnders* over for me, I'm afraid . . .

I also love *Coronation Street*, but those are the only two. It depends on the storylines which one I prefer at any time – *EastEnders* can have really dull moments until some really good storyline comes along, the same with *Coronation Street*. And Raquel going – it's tragic, almost as bad as David going. We all love the characters in *Coronation Street*, don't we, but it's not real life at all . . .

Wendy Padbury
x

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

The TARDIS tin contains fifty soul-searching, bizarre and downright trivial questions. Each celebrity must answer twenty randomly selected queries . . .

Return to Zenda

Doctor Who producer **Graham Williams**' second season proved remarkable: a series of stories bound by a common thread – an intergalactic search for the fabulous Key to Time. In the second part of this previously unpublished tête-a-tête with the late producer, originally conducted in 1984, **Philip Newman** uncovers a saga of ice princesses and swamp monsters, scuppered movies – and Daleks . . .

Planning *Doctor Who*'s sixteenth season at the tail end of 1977, producer Graham Williams resurrected a notion which he'd first mooted as part of his original job application: a season linked by the Time Lord's quest for the six scattered segments comprising a very special stellar artefact, the Key to Time. "I'd wanted to do a series of serials for a very long time, and thought that we could do that in six stories across 26 episodes. Every story had to be self-contained, so that everybody could make sense of each one as it came along, but it would be a bonus to the loyal fan who had the stamina to watch all the way through. Now that seemed like enough of a stricture, but when we came to actually do it, it was very much worse than that. Usually, we were able to juggle the transmission order of the first three or four stories we made, so that if we had horrific problems on one, we could shove it down the line and bring another one further back. But, having made our Key to Time, we had to transmit them exactly in the order we made them; if a script turned out very weak, then we had to make it strong before we started shooting. That caused a few sleepless nights!"

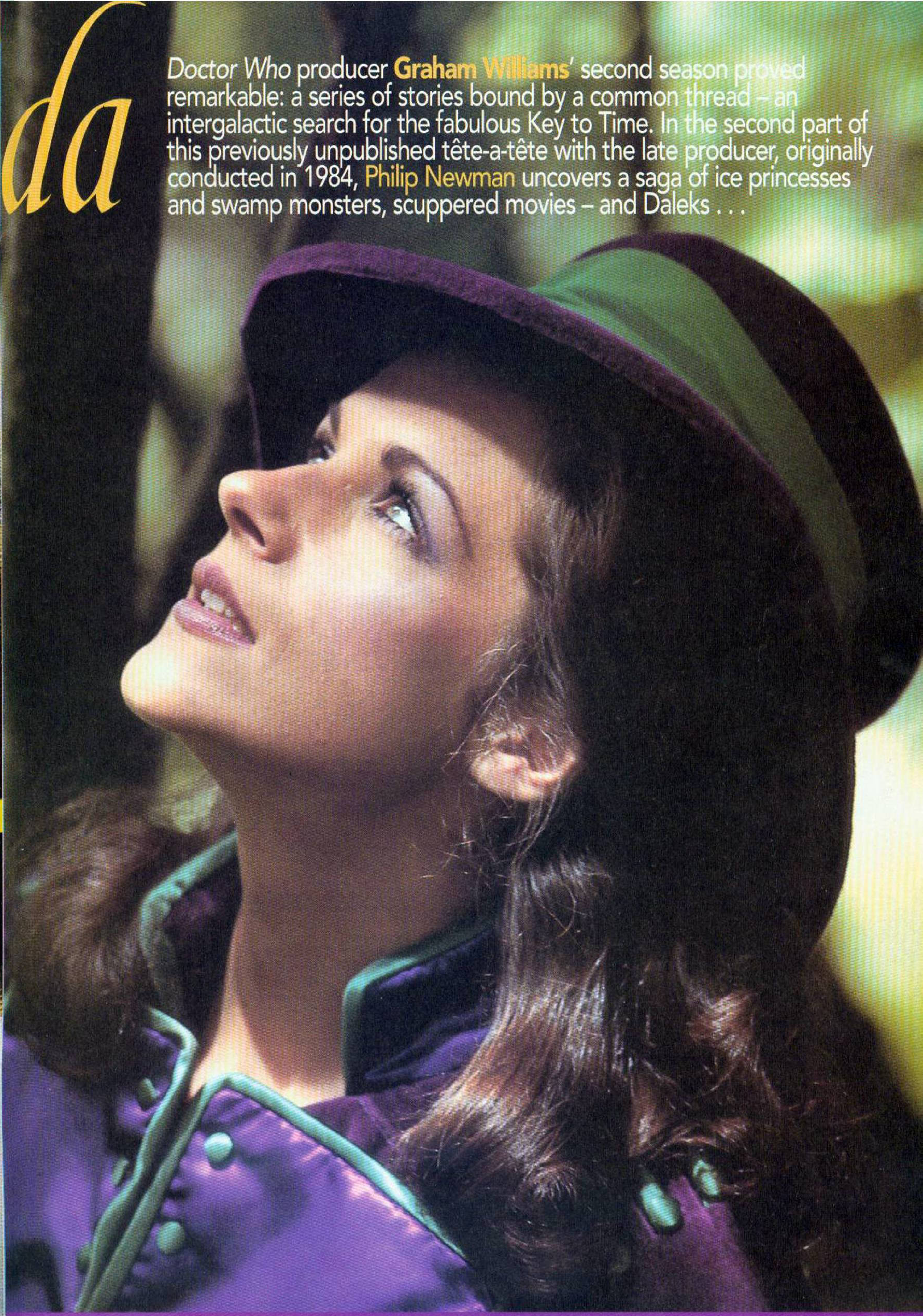
> **"Having just come away from the savage huntress, I thought we might as well fulfil another male fantasy and have a sort of 'ice princess.'"**

The Doctor's adventures would be precipitated by a summons from one of two higher universal powers, Guardians of White and Black. "I was just rather offended that the Doctor was roaming the Universe with absolute authority, in that he always won, but without any responsibility, because he wasn't answerable to anyone. I thought that was pretty awful, so I decided that we should actually create somebody over him who sort of handed down the way things were done. Within the context of Gallifrey, the Guardians were simply the next tier, if you like, of some sort of hierarchy. I wasn't saying, 'This is what we would call God, folks' – although having established them as being all-embracing, universal, and behind virtually every move that's made, I realised that you couldn't see too much of them, otherwise they would indeed appear to be behind literally everything. Portraying them as the Deity would have been a very dangerous way to go, more dangerous on religious grounds, I think, than the beginning of life on Earth [as was later depicted in Season Seventeen's *City of Death*]. So, after we'd set them up, we had to knock them down within the same season because I was determined that the Key to Time sequence be rounded off, finished and put into a little packet. However, I think if I had stayed on for a fourth season, I would have tried to find some device for getting Valentine Dyall back as the Black Guardian, firstly because he was super, and secondly because I was thinking about having the same villain behind every story."

Mention of villains prompted a related question: was there a particular reason why Graham had avoided a re-match between the Doctor and his arch-enemy the Master – especially since the character had already been re-introduced in an interim, decayed form in Season Fourteen's *The Deadly Assassin*? "Well, I was very, very fond of Roger Delgado – a lovely man and a very fine actor – and I thought he made that part utterly his own. I didn't want to bring back the Master because I thought it was, in a way, gratuitous. I mean, you're not short of villains on *Doctor Who*, and you can always create the same effect without actually re-creating the character. Also, if the Master keeps coming back, either there's something very wrong in the way that the Doctor can't see him off or, again, he de-values his own coinage by not being able to defeat the Doctor. Each time he appears, you say 'how's he going to lose this time?' – like the Daleks – and spend the next 100 minutes waiting to see how he's going to fail. I thought it was much more interesting to create new villains, usually, I hope, with new motives.

"However, motivation for villainy is one of the most difficult things to come up with on *Doctor Who* because apart from wanting money, killing somebody or a desire to take over the Universe, what else is there? It's a problem, because if you go for jealousy, then sex is going to rear its ugly head sooner or later, and hate is almost certain to lead to murder. So there are actually very few stories where you can avoid either death or sex! And why would anybody want to conquer the Universe? I mean, it's difficult enough trying to understand anybody wanting to take over the world, with its famine, plague, disease and everything, so the thought of wanting to take over the Universe seems even more ludicrous. There isn't a sensible answer because nobody sensible would want to – and that's why the writers make them all nutters! I think the 'I just want to rule the Universe' is OK for the Sontarans – they are, after all, supreme nutters, supreme fascist war machines like the Daleks – but everybody else had to have some rather more specific intent."

Following the departure of Leela at the close of *The Invasion of Time*, Graham was forced to devise a new character to accompany the Doctor on his travels: Time Lady Romana, as played by the statuesque Mary Tamm. "I didn't really know how to go about choosing the companion. It's like so much about the programme: the freedom you've got is your greatest difficulty. It's so wide-ranging that you're like a kid in a sweetshop, in great danger of choosing something that you don't really want or making yourself sick! Anyway, having just come away from the savage huntress, I thought we might as well fulfil another male fantasy and have a sort of 'ice princess' for the Key to Time season, and I think Mary looked the part. It was really a question of wanting a companion who had some knowledge of her own and who didn't have to be totally clued up by the Doctor on everything that was going on. As a sort of undergraduate Time Lady, Romana could have more up-to-date knowledge in certain subjects than the Doctor, but be totally lacking in his contact with other civilisations and cultures.



Opposite: Romana (Mary Tamm) models the latest fashions in *The Androids of Tara.* Photo © BBC Video

From the right: The Doctor (Tom Baker) and new assistant Romanadvoratrelundar commence their search for the Key to Time in *The Ribos Operation*; Tom Baker and Mary Tamm recording the air-corridor effects for *The Pirate Planet*; For *The Stones of Blood*, Tom was feeling a little boulder. Photos © BBC Video

I think that worked to a degree, but invariably it's impossible to wean away all the writers all the time from having the companion hanging on the edge of a cliff and screaming, 'Help, help, Doctor!' By the time you've said 'no' 20 or 30 times you give up! You see, the opposite of the Doctor being the authoritarian, male chauvinist figure that he is historically, is a young girl shouting and screaming for help."

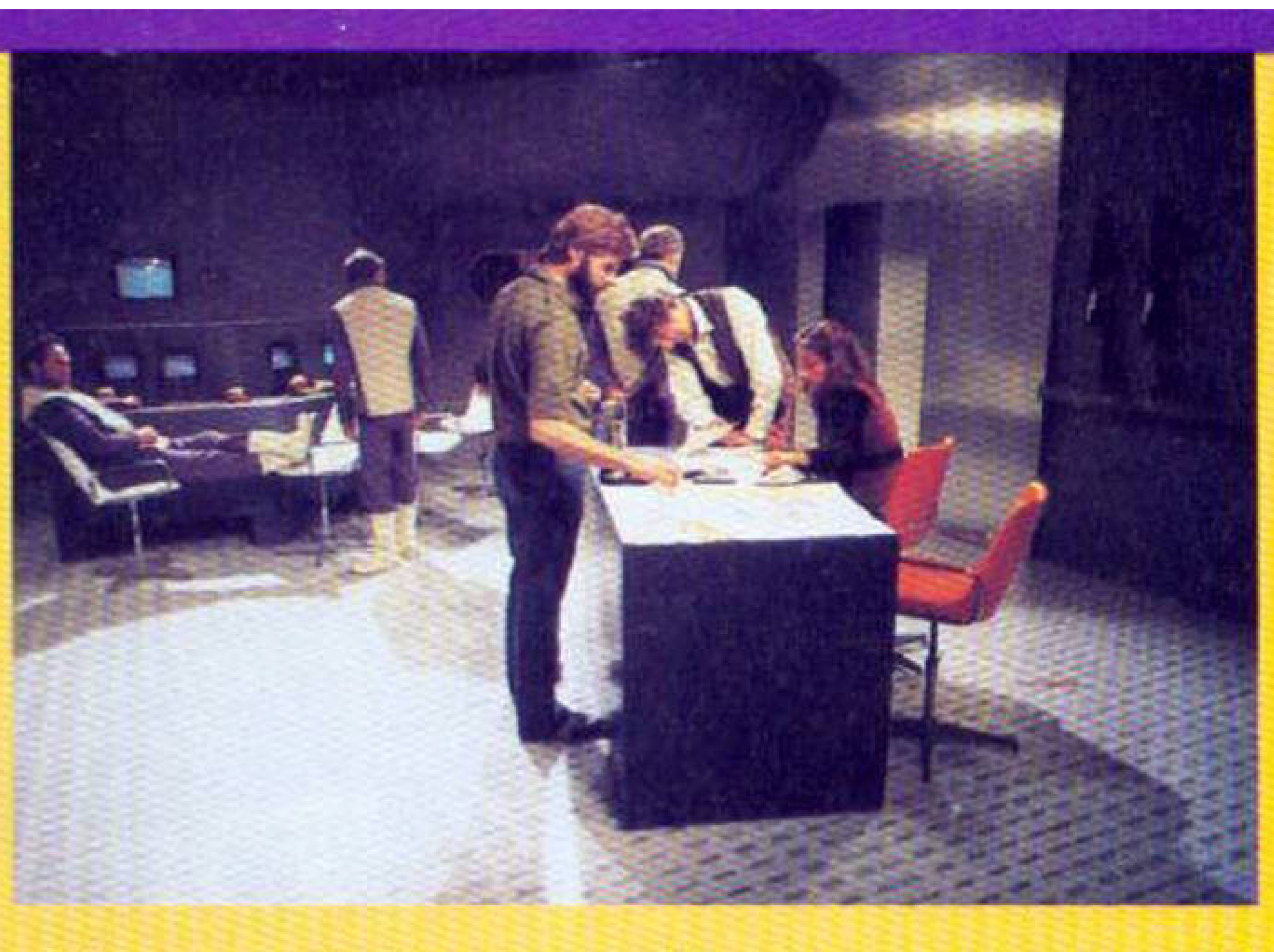
Wouldn't he therefore have considered introducing a male assistant instead? "No, I wouldn't have wanted a male companion just for the sake of it. That implies that the sort of decisions one took were empirical formula decisions, and I wasn't aware of them being that. It's simply that I've never easily understood what role the Doctor's male companions are supposed to play in terms of story-telling, because it then becomes a case of, 'Is a young chap going to solve problems that a girl couldn't solve, or get into trouble that a girl wouldn't get into?' So it's a problem for the writers. Also, I can't see much virtue in creating what is essentially a younger version of the Doctor, although for a specific story I think that would be very good. The fact is that companions are there principally to enable you to intercut scenes and follow two story strands. You need the story-telling device of splitting them away from the Doctor as early as possible because you've got 100 minutes of screen time to fill, and it gives you the flexibility of having more than one situation on the go at once."

"If I had stayed on for a fourth season, I would have tried to find some device for getting Valentine Dyall back as the Black Guardian."

Season Sixteen not only saw the introduction of a new companion, but also marked the television debut of a writer who would later achieve international success with *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. "Douglas Adams had originally sent an idea in to Bob Holmes, so he had been in contact for a short time before I joined. When Tony Read took over from Bob [as script editor], we thought the scripts for what became *The Pirate Planet* were a bright idea, so we commissioned them straight away. Douglas was still writing *Hitch-Hiker* then – I don't think he'd anything like finished the first series – but we got on terribly well. He had quite an encyclopedia of science-fiction folklore and knowledge at his fingertips; he was bright, witty and, having come straight from University, knew all about 'today'. So, when Tony left, I thought, 'We've had two older troopers, why not have an unknown television writer?' And in the days before *Hitch-Hiker*, this was quite a novel idea, and Douglas was absolutely astonished when I offered him the job. I think it seemed like a good idea at the time, but he lived to regret it; let's face it, it's a bit too much like hard work being a script editor on *Doctor Who*! In fact, I think the script editor works harder than anybody else, up to and including whoever's playing the Doctor."

The Key to Time season was eventually transmitted between September 1978 and February 1977. "I think the only story I didn't much care for was *The Power of Kroll*. Most of the effects in that were actually rather tacky, and the sequence with the monster in the swamp was one of the worst effects shots we ever had; there was a fringe line all the way along and that's why we put the reeds in. In fact, it looks better on the book cover than it did on screen! But I liked *The Ribos Operation* – although almost no-one else did! – and *The Stones of Blood* is one of the very few stories that has actually aged well in my memory. I think the director, Darrol Blake, achieved some smashing effects – those spinning lights were very good – and his casting was lovely. Poor old Beatrix [Lehmann, who played geriatric archaeologist Emila Rumford]. She was a very, very old lady, but she was wonderful."

"Another favourite of mine was *The Androids of Tara*, although the fans hated it! Some might say I was utterly wrong to go for a pastiche of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but I think it worked very well because it was enjoyable on two levels. Those who knew the original story could see the similarities and say, 'Oh, that's what's going on' – and for those who didn't, it was fresh stuff anyway. We tried to get the same writer [David Fisher] to do a similar kind of pastiche of the Bulldog Drummond story the following year, but unfortunately the script just didn't achieve the right element of pastiche that I wanted and would have been terribly expensive." [Fisher's story, *A Gamble With Time*, eventually metamorphosed into Season Seventeen's *City of Death*.]



Left: Tom Baker and Mary Tamm consult their scripts during the recording of *The Power of Kroll*. Photo © BBC Video

Come February 1978, and the broadcast of the final episode of *The Armageddon Factor*, Graham was able to fully contemplate the year's achievements. "By the time I came to the end of that year's production, I'd been doing the Key to Time for 18 months and seen how difficult it was. I thought I probably needed at least another year to reflect on it, to see where I went wrong and where I could have made it stronger. Nevertheless, having developed the whole concept, making it work was very rewarding. Personally, I felt that it did work – it was certainly a fascinating exercise to try – and the viewing figures seemed to support that. And when it comes down to it, the viewers' opinions and your own good opinion of yourself are the only two things that you are ultimately concerned about."

Graham's involvement in *Doctor Who* occasionally strayed beyond his official remit; in the earliest months of his tenure, he'd been an accomplice to Tom Baker's ultimately doomed efforts – in association with director James Hill and writer/actor Ian Marter – to launch a proposed feature film, *Doctor Who Meets Scratchman*."I was involved in Tom's *Scratchman* film for about six months; that was terrible, a really dreadful script! I tried to tell Tom that, but he was always constantly amazed that he couldn't get backing for it! However, I think I'd approach it just like the television programme because I don't really know any other way of doing it. If I had limitless funds, I'd make a lot more out of the model stages and multi-screen techniques, but I'd only do all of that once I'd got a good story, a good script. If you've got that, then all the things you bring to it afterwards are magic; they're really just gilding on the lily, icing on the cake. There'd certainly be no point going into direct competition with *Star Wars* or whatever, because you'd fall flat on your face. *Doctor Who* is an unique programme, a one-off. I know that's a cliché, but it's nevertheless true. It's something in between purest sci-fi and swords and sorcerers, something very quirky and British, and it would be that unique quality that you'd have to bring out.

"Also, I think a lot of *Doctor Who* is rooted in our own Victorian mythology, with the Doctor very much like the old gentleman explorer. There is that crusading zeal in the British which we're afflicted with more than most countries, with the possible exception of America. In fact, I don't think the real Doctor would be British at all, he'd almost certainly be an American. That said, I can't imagine anything more disastrous than making *Doctor Who* in America, simply because the show is so utterly un-American. It's got all the uniquely British attributes of the way we construct stories and put characters into them. I mean, you can watch *Star Trek* on its umpteenth re-run and it's still as good as it was, but it's a different show. You'd no more put Tom Baker into that than you'd put Bill Shatner into *Doctor Who*!"

And who did he think should play the Doctor in such a movie? "I suspect that Tom would still be the best person to cast in the part. I think one of the great errors they made in the Dalek films was having Peter Cushing, because suddenly, from nowhere, comes this guy in competition with his co-partner on the small screen. It was a curious idea that the audience would actually grab that – and, of course, they didn't – as was the notion that the films should appeal to anybody outside this country, because the programmes were not then selling abroad in quite the way they are now. I mean, nobody would ever have heard of Daleks. To be honest though, I don't see that *Doctor Who* could ever become the international success that, say, *Superman* has, simply because it hasn't got that universal background. I mean, *Superman* was a comic strip in 110 countries before they turned it into a movie."

"I was involved in Tom's *Scratchman* film for about six months; that was terrible, a really dreadful script!

Graham was critical of the successive shifts in the series' transmission and format throughout the eighties; he appears to have held back such moves himself. "During my tenure, I fiercely resisted taking *Doctor Who* out of Saturday night. I mean, I recall two weekend television events from my formative years very, very clearly: the children's classic serial on Sunday evenings and *Doctor Who* on Saturdays at roughly the same time. I think *Doctor Who* is Saturday evening viewing and it should have been left there. Obviously, I still had sufficient interest in the programme to continue watching when I stopped producing it, but I just couldn't get into it twice a week, particularly the two-part stories. I thought, 'I've only just started watching this and it's over.' There's no chance to build up the loyalty of the audience.

"Also, a very large part of the show's success has to do with cliffhangers, either from scene to scene or, more particularly, from episode to episode. Now, that works best if you've got several going on at the same time to keep the audience's attention for next week. If you lose those cliffhangers, you debase one of the most valuable commodities you've got – and tell me anybody who can sustain cliffhangers for fifty minutes and get away with it week after week. It can't be done. I think 25 minutes is absolutely plenty; trying to make it stretch to that was a nightmare sometimes! I mean, you'd often breathe a sigh of relief that you'd got 22½ minutes on the clock with two-and-a-half minutes of long closing titles, because you knew perfectly well that if you put so much as another frame into the show, you were going to spill the beans."

"*Doctor Who*'s been going

Right: Vivien Fay (Susan Engel) takes Romana by surprise in the woods in *The Stones of Blood*. Photo © BBC Video

for 20-odd years now and it's got its own sort of tempo, a speed that people expect things to be revealed to them. The stories of a complexity that I liked fell naturally into four parts. Although there's always a weak episode – usually episode three, because you've set everything up, but are not yet ready to reveal the climax – at least you're aware of this hiatus and can try and plug it. If the ideas were around to sustain six-parters, I think they'd be best of all, but it does take a hell of a lot of inventive writing to fill three hours of crammed science-fiction telly."

Graham's views on both repeats and upfront commemoration of series milestones were equally candid. "If anybody ever mentioned the possibility of repeating stories with other Doctors – which was extremely infrequently – I always resisted, especially if it was just for a Summer repeat. I thought, 'If we're finishing in April and coming back in September, what's the point of reminding the audience that somebody else played the part if the same guy's coming back next time?' If it had been put in the context of, say, a festival of *Doctor Who*, or a six-story celebration of the programme as a whole, then I would have been delighted. To say, 'It's the 20th birthday, let's see some of the last 20 years' is beautiful, and it's far, far better than devising one yourself within the programme. That really just smacks to me of self-congratulation.

"That's why I wouldn't let Tom, the director and the other actors have an on-screen birthday party in the 100th story [*The Stones of Blood*]. I had to go up to the rehearsal room and say, 'I'm sorry, folks, I don't often put my foot down, but this is one time I do.' I was condemned by everybody, the fans included, but it was a personal taste thing. My view was that the programme could not be seen to be congratulating itself on its longevity. I know the fans disagreed with me bitterly – and John Nathan-Turner obviously did as well, because he later made *The Five Doctors* as some sort of celebration – but I can't see that there's anything magical in the history of the Universe about the 15th year or whatever. I was also trying to cajole them out of the birthday idea because I thought it then begged the question, 'Where do Time Lords come from?', which nobody had ever tackled before. I mean, I couldn't imagine Tom actually being born to anybody, let alone under some cosmic gooseberry bush somewhere on Gallifrey! It'd be too daunting for words!"

Above: The Daleks attack in *Destiny of the Daleks*.

Right: Tom Baker, Peter Straker and Tim Barlow on the set of *Destiny of the Daleks*. Photos © BBC Video

'Daunting' also succinctly describes the challenge faced by Graham and his team as they prepared *Doctor Who*'s 17th season. "The budgetary limitations were phenomenal in the third year. Hyper-inflation was really biting in 1979 and in real terms we made that third season for half the cost of the first. I'm not bitching, but Philip [Hinchcliffe] was making shows with three times the money that I had because his budgets had been calculated before hyper-inflation took off. On top of that, BBC budgets weren't kept in line with inflation, so I was already on a 10% cut-back with inflation running at 18% when I took over. The next year I was on the same 10% cut-back, but with inflation running at 22%. So I was automatically 40% below even without the cut-backs! The sums just went crazy. I said, 'We can't do it,' and they said 'Alright, we'll stop making the programme'; after that, you've not got much to say! It wasn't only *Doctor Who* that was affected, it was every drama programme. Shaun Sutton, who was Head of Drama, was famous for saying to the Board of Governors, 'There are three sorts of drama: "expensive", "very expensive" and "you must be joking"' – and, to a very large degree, certainly in those days, he was absolutely right. I mean, I would have loved to have done a story entirely on location, but I could no more dream of re-creating Renaissance Italy than I could fly to the moon! We couldn't afford the horses, let alone anything else!"

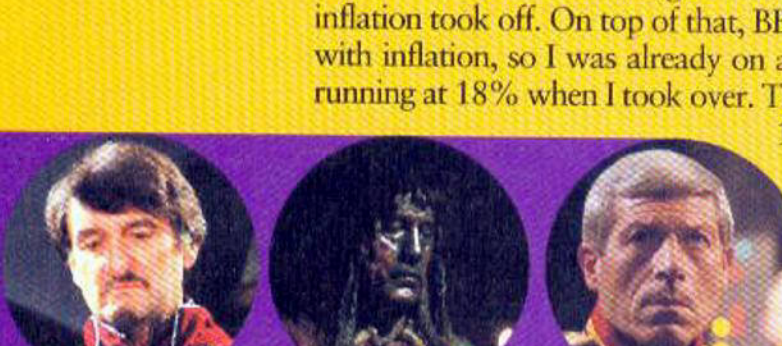
Not surprisingly, this dearth of finance had a major impact on the way the season would be structured and scripted. "I am still convinced that by the time you have written a script, you have spent 98% of your budget, and it doesn't matter how clever you are after that. I remember sitting up through an awful lot of midnights trying to devise ways in which we could save money on the scripts. Fortunately, because I come from a script background and I had good script editors with me, we were able to tailor the scripts exactly for the budget. So, apart from more obvious savings at the design stage, I could say, 'I want one hundred extras in this story' – like Norman Stewart had in *Underworld* – and then basically do the next one with four people, like the Paris one [*City of Death*]. As a result of my production unit manager, John Nathan-Turner, being very clever, keeping me up-to-date and advising me exactly where the money was going, we came to within half of one per cent of the budget every year I was producing it. Of course, we then had to put what money we'd got into very specific shows. *Destiny of the Daleks* was always earmarked as an expensive production, and we put as much money as we could afford into it, but it still wasn't enough."

"I can't imagine anything more disastrous than making *Doctor Who* in America."

Season Seventeen's opener indeed saw the perhaps overdue return of the Doctor's longest-standing nemeses. "I hadn't used the Daleks in the first or second seasons because I thought they were much like a good wine, best not drunk too often so you savour them when they do come along. In the end, I decided to bring them back simply because they were there and because they're successful. I mean, it flies in the face of all logic, yet it works every time: they keep coming out and earning Terry [Nation, the Daleks' deviser] a fortune! But then, I suppose the Daleks would be the first to say, 'Let our creator live . . . and live well!' However, Terry didn't actually bring the storyline for *Destiny* to us. Douglas and I were talking to him and, by way of demonstrating a point, we mentioned a classic Isaac Asimov short story in which two battle-fleets are manoeuvring in space, and each time one makes a bid, the other makes exactly the right counter-bid. It's eventually resolved by a guy hitting a random button – the human factor. And Terry being Terry, he takes that short anecdote away and whacks it into four scripts! When we got them, Douglas and I kept looking at each other saying, 'It's that little anecdote!' – but it worked. The first test of a good script is when you want to turn the page to see what happens next – and we kept turning the pages . . ."

To be continued . . .

Interview by **Jon Heckford** and **Michael Stead**
Transcribed by **Philip Newman**



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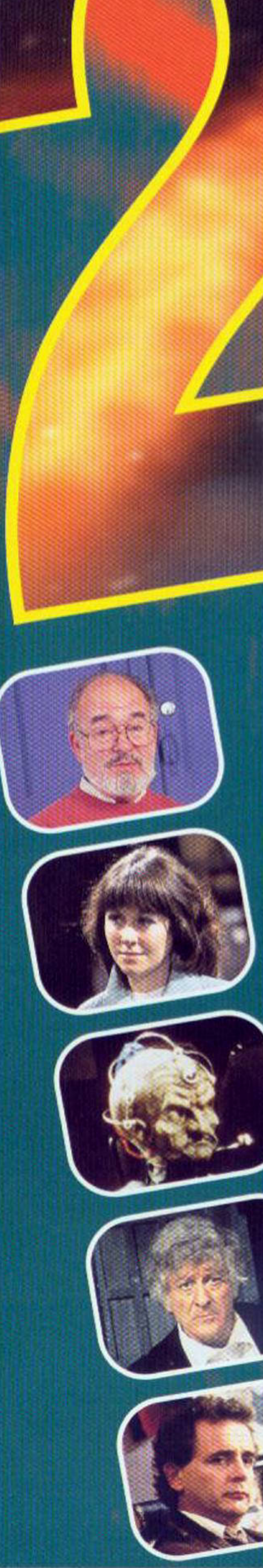

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